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The Sermon that was Not Preached

HOW THE VICAR LEARNED A GREAT LESSON

By A. St. John Adcock

"YES; I think I'll preach the Christmas sermon myself, Henn." The Vicar planted himself squarely on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire. He was a tall, well-built, handsome man, of a dignified bearing and a pleasant, albeit somewhat arrogant, expression of countenance; the very antithesis of the elderly Curate he was addressing. For Mr. Henn was a narrow-chested little gentleman, with a small, weak face, and a nervous diffidence of temperament that betrayed itself even in the attitude he had taken on the edge of the low arm-chair.

"You know, Henn, you coddle these people," the Vicar breezily resumed. "You enervate them. You don't teach them to be self-reliant. Instead of sternly fostering only what is manliest and womanliest in them, you practically encourage the abnormal development of their weaknesses, simply because you don't like to hurt their feelings."

"I don't know, Mr. Gascoine," returned the old curate, with an apologetic cough. "When a man is born lame you must make allowances for his infirmity. You would not set him to run against an athlete blessed with a sound pair of legs—would you?"

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"A different thing altogether, my dear fellow!"

"I wish it was," said Mr. Henn, sighing. "But so far as I can see, there are some men born with mental and moral infirmities that place them at a disadvantage which you and I have never experienced. You don't know the people in this parish, sir. They are not the kind you have been used to. They are not the sort of material out of which gods are moulded. I'm afraid we must be satisfied if we can make very ordinary men and women of them. I'm afraid so, sir."

It certainly was a miserable parish—a hopelessly poor, miserable parish in the dullest corner of East London. The church, a stunted red brick building, next door to the vicarage, stood in the heart of a wilderness of narrow, grimy, unwholesome streets that brooded all day, and nearly all night, in their own horrible smoke, overshadowed by gigantic factories, and polluted by the grim waters of a sluggish canal that flowed right through the district, and reeked with the pungent drainings from some half a dozen chemical works.

There was scarcely a sign of prosperity anywhere except in the wide, tumultous main thoroughfare, where the tram-bells jingled incessantly, 'buses rattled noisily over the stones, and empty and laden wagons toiled monotonously to and fro. In the side streets there was little or no traffic; slatternly women gossiped at the doors or in groups on the pavement, their squalid children running neglected in the roadways, or screaming and quarreling in the gutters; and in the evenings gaunt, slouching, dispirited men lounged outside the dingy public-houses, vanishing on frequent excursions into the interior.

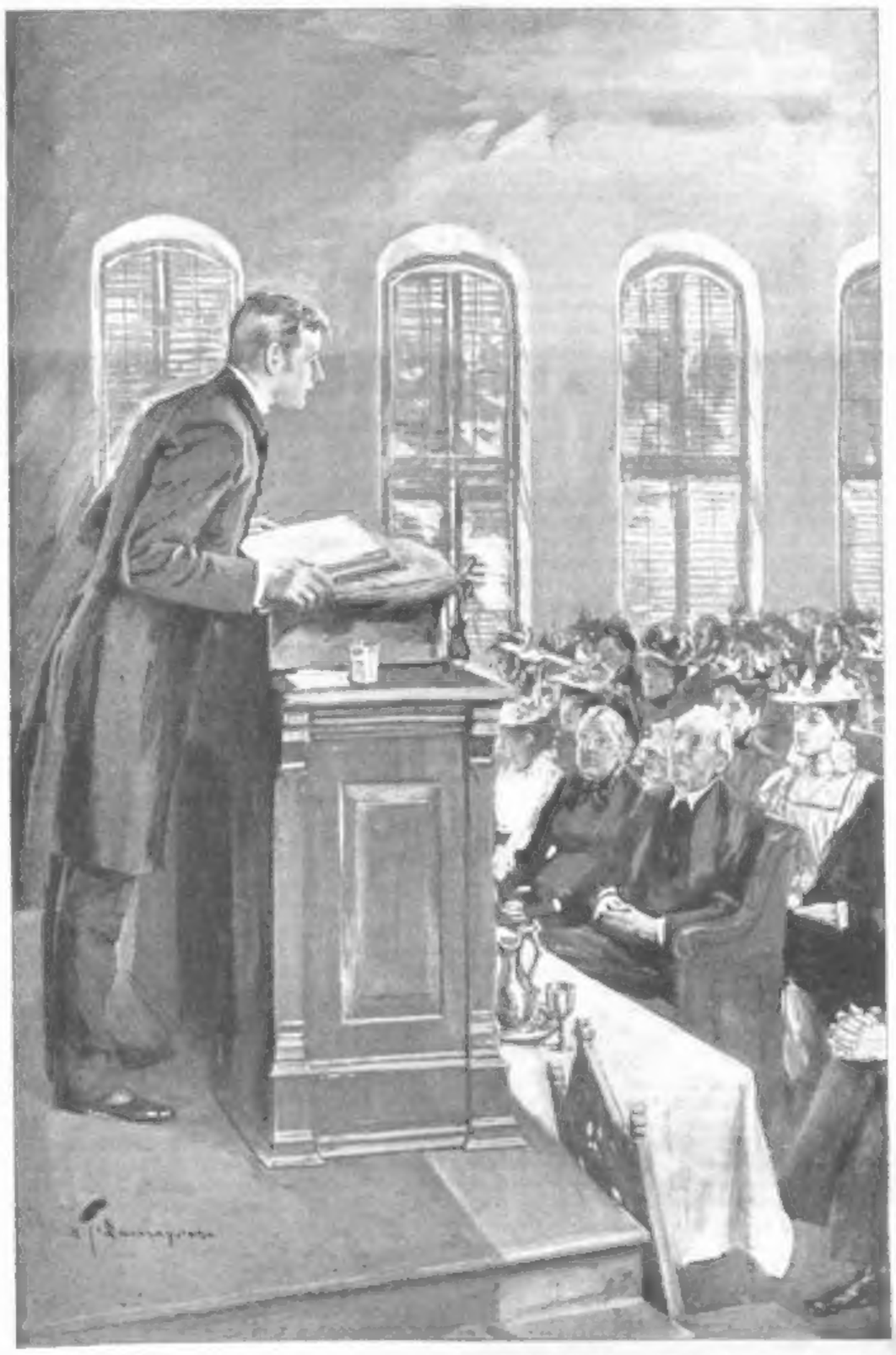
The stamp of poverty and misery lay like a hideous blight over everything; the whole neighborhood was dirty, ugly and unspeakably depressing: one of the great city's terrible deformities, which we huddle out of sight as much as possible, because they are offensive to our nicer tastes and a disgrace to our civilization. We don't like to think of things which interfere with our comfort.

Editor's Note—From East End Idyls, by A. St. John Adcock. A series of strong, sympathetic sketches of life in the East End of London. Published by M. F. Mansfield, New York.

Mr. Henn shook his head very doubtfully. "Your sermon last Sunday——" he began.

"I know," interrupted the Vicar boisterously. "They didn't like it. They thought I was too hard on them. It irritated them, and I meant it to. I felt, as I stood there in the pulpit and looked down on the upturned faces, that it was my duty not to wheedle them out of their weaknesses, but to shame them out of them, and I plainly told them so. Now, I am going to give it to them stronger than ever on Christmas morning. I suppose they wouldn't come at all when they knew I was going to preach if it wasn't for the pea-soup breakfast, eh?"

Mr. Henn looked thoughtfully at the fire without replying. He was discouraged.



"HIS FRIENDLY FEATURES BEAMED FROM THE PULPIT ON CHRISTMAS MORNING"

"I don't deny that you know more of these people than I do," Mr. Gascoine conceded, "but the six weeks I have been working among them already have convinced me that the old methods will do no good here. What good have they done up to the present? You feed them on milk and honey, and they like it; but it will never put any backbone into them. I mean to rouse them, Henn. You consider their weakness too much. I shall ignore their weakness, and preach as I should preach to men like myself. We must not stoop to them; we must raise them to our own level."

"It is for their own good," persisted the Vicar. "It is no part of our duty to wink at their failings, and my firm conviction is that no man fails and comes down to the low level most of them have reached except by his own idleness, self-indulgence, carelessness, or stupidity. I have no sympathy with such vices as these. The world is to be won only by the industrious, the energetic, the determined, and it rests with themselves whether they win or lose. It is easier to lose it; but if they prefer ease at such a price, I have no pity for them—none."

Mr. Henn sat absorbed in his reflections.

"There were two of us at college, myself and dear old Ted Hilton, who both held this same view and lived up to it. We never let the grass grow under our feet. I won't speak for myself, but Ted Hilton carried his principles into practice and proved them. The last I heard of him he was making tremendous headway in America. It is two years now since he wrote to me, and I should not be surprised to hear any day that he was—well, about as high up the tree as a man can get. Splendid fellow!

"I want to make the people here learn the great lesson of self-help, self-confidence. As they live now, most of their lives are practically useless. It rests with themselves to make them useful. They must rouse themselves and become men—the weak-willed, the helpless, the dependent only encumber the earth; all the laws of Nature show that they cannot be tolerated. I shall preach to them, Henn, a sermon founded on the text, 'Unto him that hath shall be given.'"

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Mr. Henn made no immediate response. He still sat looking dreamily into the fire with, perhaps, the least suspicion of moisture in his dim, kindly old eyes. He had not the vigor and gusto of his young superior, and may have been wondering whether he was himself to be counted among the helpless and the useless, for he had reaped hardly any personal benefit from his labors, and was weak of will in more ways than one. He had no ambition. He had come into this poor parish, several years ago, a Curate, and he was a Curate still.

Vicars had come and gone; he might have gone also, and, perhaps, if he had possessed more energy, have obtained preferment; but he was not dissatisfied; he had elected to remain where he was, feeling that there was work enough there for him to do, and in his own diffident, much-enduring, almost too indulgent manner, he had striven quietly to do it. He had preached the virtues of lowliness, trying to reconcile his poverty-stricken flock to the unhappy lot they had to bear. And if Mr. Gascoine was right, then all his lenient, "coddling" methods were wholly wrong, and the years of his life spent in that forlorn locality had been wasted.

It was two days later, and well on in the afternoon, when Mr. Gascoine descended the three white steps from the front door of the vicarage into the misty street. He was bent on a visit to some of his poor parishioners, with the object of urging them to be at the church next morning in good time for the soup and the sermon—for one if not the other.

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The air was damp and chilly, a greasy rime made the pavements slippery, and the aspect of the whole district was several degrees more cheerless even than usual. It did just cross Mr. Gascoine's mind that a man born and living always in such a dismal, uninspiring environment might feel despondency more natural than hope; the outlook for such a man was undeniably dark and discouraging.

Passing along the grimy little back thoroughfares, Mr. Gascoine made occasional pauses to address himself to the unkempt females here and there talking at their doors, or the few men loafing about public-houses and street corners; but, as a rule, they gave him only black looks, and answered sullenly, crossly or inattentively—or not at all.

They seemed to resent his loud, genial self-assertiveness, and to regard his robust plainness of speech with invincible dislike. He could not understand it; he had not expected to find so much spirit in them. For six weeks they had kept him at arm's length. He had not been able to find his way to their hearts or win any influence over them whatever. And yet these same men and women—some of them, at all events—were genuinely pleased to welcome Mr. Henn, and willing to do, or try to do, pretty well anything to oblige him, and it was

absurd to suppose that a secret which could be mastered by such a timorous, inferior fellow as old Henn could be inaccessible to a man of his ability.

He went into pokey, desolate dwellings, where hard-working women were busy at their wash-tubs or slaving at tailoring jobs for the cheap slop-shops, or at matchbox-making, or some other of the multitudinous forms of drudgery that brought them what they inappropriately called a living. They left off scolding the children as he entered—there were nearly always children, and they probably found it a relief to scold them—but they did not suspend their labors or pay much attention to his few minutes' questioning, or affect any regret at his departure.

Of course, they did not all give him such a disrespectful reception. The small shopkeepers, and such others as would be above coming to church for the soup, and, if they came at all, would come solely for the sermon—these treated him with a more becoming deference, and if they were not actually pleased to see him, were polite enough to pretend that they were.

There was Mrs. Pilcher, for example, a widow, who lived by dressmaking for a large establishment in the Commercial Road. She need not have worked so hard, and might have allowed herself more material comforts, only she had voluntarily burdened herself with a lame nephew, a boy of fourteen, whose lower limbs were paralyzed. Mrs. Pilcher might justly have transferred him to the workhouse, but she was not practical enough to overcome an affectionate weakness for the memory of a dead sister.

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She greeted Mr. Gascoine with an out-of-date courtesy; and the boy, reclining in a huge wicker chair by the fireside, hastily closed the book he was reading, and put a shy, withered hand into the Vicar's brawny palm.

"He's such a good little chap, sir," said Mrs. Pilcher, smiling and nodding to him. "I don't know what I should do without him. He reads to me beautiful, and is such company, and helps me. There! he made these paper chains hanging round the walls all by himself, and I'm going to see if I can buy a bit of holly when I'm out to-night. I do believe—ha, ha!—I should ha' forgotten it was Christmas if I hadn't had him to remind me."

There was no harm in paper chains and holly, but it struck the Vicar as rather wasteful and ridiculous for people who could barely afford to butter their bread to spend time and money on such utterly useless trifles. Yet, somehow, he did not care to say so.

"And what book is that you are reading?" he asked the boy, leaning over his chair.

"Robinson Crusoe," cried the youngster, eagerly holding it out for inspection. "Mr. Henn gave it to me this morning."

It was a cheap edition, it looked like a second-hand one, but there were pictures in it. And it brightened the poor little helpless life with a gleam of romance; it broke down the walls of the dull, close room and brought the marvelous, untraveled world there to him by the uneventful hearth.

"It's all right with an incurable little fellow like that," muttered Mr. Gascoine as he went away, "but Henn would have done just the same with the sturdiest little rascal living. They've got to grow up practical men; they'll have to earn their bread, and you can't prepare them for that by stuffing their heads with romances. Henn can't afford to throw his money away like that, either. I'll have to talk to him about it."

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He called in at three or four more houses, and finally, just after dusk, looked in upon a Mrs. Ratley and her mother, and there he discovered Mr. Henn, that most incorrigible "coddler," in person. The street door was not latched, so Mr. Gascoine tapped lightly with his knuckles, and stepped in. The parlor, which was in complete darkness, was immediately inside the door, but at the end of a narrow passage shone a hazy glow of light in a small wash-house, and there was Mr. Henn, seated familiarly among clouds of steam.

He was perched on an inverted egg-box, his hat was beside him on the floor, two little urchins were sitting on his knees, and a cup of tea was placed conveniently near him on a chair. The dull thump of a copper-stick and the bubble of boiling water, in which clothes were washing, formed a fitting orchestral accompaniment to the scene.

"No, sir," grumbled a hoarse voice, muffled in the cloudy heart of the steam; "the less we see of him the better we'll like him. He don't know what we 'as to go through. You do. You don't mind settin' here an' listenin' 'cos you know we can't afford to let the copper fires out. He never wants to listen, bless yer! he only wants to talk. 'You do this, an' you do that,' says he, an' never considers whether we're able to do it or not. He ain't no sympathy with us. He was born too 'appy to understand us. Ah!"

"You must give him time, Mrs. Ratley. I'm sure you'll like him when you know him better," said Mr. Henn loyally. "He is a very good man, and very clever—much cleverer than I am——"

The Vicar quietly withdrew and passed on through the deepening night. He did not care to reveal his presence and let them know what he had overheard. Somehow he felt vaguely hurt and humiliated. He liked to be thought well of, and resented this preference for Mr. Henn; he was driving the people from him, and he knew that if he meant to do anything with them he must first draw them to him. Had he started sowing his seeds before he had patiently tilled the ground? He shrank from owning he had made a mistake, and yet——

He hurried on, much troubled in his mind, thinking it all over, and it did not occur to him that he was walking in the wrong direction till he had gone some distance out of his way. Then, taking the shortest route, his return journey led him for the better part of a mile along the banks of the canal.

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There was no moon, but a dull strange light shimmered at intervals on the surface of the slimy waters that whispered weirdly all along their barren and blighted embankments. Far on ahead a misty gleam hovered in the air over the busy main road, whose noises came to him blended into one long, hoarse murmur; and all the way down on this and that side of the darkling stream frowned, huddled and folded in the night, indistinct lines of dilapidated, frowzy houses, with a bleary light glimmering here and there in a curtained window.

Why all these things seemed to take Mr. Henn's side of the argument he would have found it difficult to explain, but it seemed to him that they did so; and he walked on through the shadows, and under the black darkness of the grim little bridges that spanned the stream at intervals, with a growing sense of his own littleness—a suspicion that after all, perhaps, for handling such frail material as the poor humanity he was working upon, his very strength was his weakness, and Mr. Henn's weakness was his strength.

He was startled out of his reveries by a sudden splash, and glancing up quickly made out first a wild agitation of the sluggish canal, then a dark object struggling in its midst which, even as he caught sight of it, uttered a smothered wail and vanished under the surface. It rose again in a moment, and struggled, beating the muddy waters frantically, but made no other sound.

The Vicar did not hesitate. He called once, and getting no answer, leaped from the low bank and waded out. It was not easy to keep a foothold on the slimy bed of the canal, but he pushed on resolutely; the water rising to his armpits, and seized the drowning man just as he was sinking again.

"It's all right," he cried encouragingly; "don't struggle."

"Let me alone!" the man panted huskily; "leave go!"

"No, no. Come on. I'll soon have you out of this."

"Leave go, I tell you!" raged the man, with an oath. "I've had enough of it. Let me drown! What have I got to live for?"

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He made such desperate and reckless efforts to release himself that the Vicar lost his balance and they went over headlong into the horrible liquid darkness, and sunk grappling each other. They strove there in the dense, deadly night more like animals than men. They rose, and went under again fighting, the one for life and the other for death.

The Vicar was the more powerful of the two, but how, in spite of the other's mad clutches, he finally clambered back again onto the invisible embankment, dragging the half-throttled man after him, he could not have told. He stood over him in the impenetrable gloom, and when he had somewhat recovered and made a hasty movement back toward the water, he seized him determinedly, and would not let him go.

"Keep quiet!" said the Vicar sternly; "you don't know what you are doing. You have been drinking."

"I know I have!" raved the other, "and you helped to drive me to it! Hands off!"

"I sha'n't let you go," declared the Vicar between his clenched teeth. "You don't know what you say. Come home with me; I may be able to help you."

"You help me!" the man laughed derisively. "I know you too well. I know your voice."

"You know me?"

"Fred Gascoine. Yes. And you know me, well enough."

"Why; who are you?"

"Perhaps you've forgotten Ted Hilton?"

"Great heavens! You! Ted Hilton!"

"Yes. I only came to this port last week. I meant to come to you for a lift. But I heard you preach last Sunday," he cried, with a curse, "and that settled me. I wasn't cur enough to come crawling to you after that. I used to think the same as you," he went on excitedly, "but I've failed. I've become one of the useless and the helpless. You've happened to succeed, or you'd have changed your high and mighty doctrine before now. Ha! ha!"

"You—you misunderstood me," stammered the Vicar. "What—— How did you——?"

"What? Why, I've found out that circumstances may be against a man as well as for him. We're not omnipotent. We don't know much till we've learned that. You know me. You know what I was. Do you think I should have fallen like this through carelessness, or want of energy, or faults of my own?"

"No; I really shouldn't think so."

"No! I've been wronged. I've been broken down by misfortunes." His voice trembled and a sob rose in his throat. "I lost every penny I had in the failure of a big enterprise that looked sure of success. I was involved in a criminal charge concerning that failure, and have suffered a year's imprisonment, though I swear to you I was as innocent as you are yourself. And I've never been able to get a start since. I came over from America last week, and the one or two friends I have been to had heard of my disgrace, and fought shy of me. I heard you were here, and I came. I tell you your gospel of energy and industry is all very well so long as you are successful, but when you've failed, like me, you'll find it's too narrow—it's no good!"

"My dear fellow, why didn't you come straight to me?" asked the Vicar, in a voice now as tremulous as the other's.

"Not after last Sunday. I couldn't do it!" reiterated Hilton. "You froze me. Every word you said whipped me away from you. I'd tried and tried—and this seemed the only way out of it, at last." He pointed to the canal; the Vicar knew just what he meant by the motion of his arm.

They were moving slowly along together now, Mr. Gascoine keeping still an unrelaxing grasp on the man he had rescued.

"It's cowardly, you'll say," Hilton resumed, "especially as I have a wife and children. That's just what made it so hard. I could not bear to see what I'd brought them to. I posted a letter to her before I came here. She'll get it in the morning. I told her to come to you. You wouldn't expect so much from women and children as you do from men. I thought you might help them for the old times' sake, when you knew I was gone."

"You misunderstood me," urged the Vicar again; "you must come home with me. You must let me help to give you a fresh start. You—you misunderstood me, old fellow. I never meant—if I had known——"

He gave it up and left the sentence unfinished. The other had spent the heat of his fury and offered no further opposition; he allowed himself to be led passively forward up a rugged flight of steps by the next bridge, and out into the main road.

The dazzling, cheerful glare of light from the gayly decorated shop windows almost blinded them, the rush, and roaring, and rattling of familiar street life almost deafened them, newly returned as they were out of such darkness and silence. Drenched and muddy, and white-faced, and shivering with cold, they quickened their pace through the bustling, good-humored crowd that was bent upon humble, pleasant preparations for the morrow, and made straight for the vicarage.

Here and there people stopped, startled by their strange and ghastly looks, and stared after them wonderingly for a minute, then hurried on again and forgot them.

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Only at one point on the journey was Mr. Gascoine so perturbed that he held his head lower and scarcely breathed until he had passed undetected; that was when he had a fleeting vision of the incorrigible Mr. Henn heading an excited procession of six diminutive urchins into a candy store.

And it was Mr. Henn's mild, friendly features that beamed sympathetically down from the pulpit on the motley assembly that filled the church on Christmas morning. It was a most unpractical sermon that he preached, too; never a word of reproach in it from beginning to end; nothing new or original to gond or startle them, simply nothing in it at all but the old ineffable compassion for the fallen, the weak, and the unhappy; nothing but the old-fashioned, comforting assurances of pity and forgiveness for the poor human follies and frailties that are not original either, but are as common as death is, and as old as life. Love and trust shone in the faces of his congregation.

The Education of a Bachelor

THE BREAKING UP OF THE QUARTETTE

By Kate Tannatt Woods

PEAL after peal of merry laughter rang out over the transom above the door of Breen & Hatherton's law office, in the brownstone block where various signs ornamented the niches between the large windows.

Other offices opened from the rooms devoted to the legal business of the gentlemen above mentioned, but the doors were always closed save those which led into the luxurious apartments of Smart & Norton, two intimate friends of Breen & Hatherton. Lawyers seldom quarrel among themselves, the quarrels of other people prove too remunerative, and the special departments of law which these friendly neighbors followed in no way conflicted. They were known all over "Lawyers' Row" as the "Jolly Bachelors," and merry sounds were not uncommon in and around their rooms. They were popular young bachelors, too, and were generously remembered by the fair sex with invitations to all manner of entertainments. In temperament they were totally unlike, in matters of social life they seldom agreed, and yet they were the best of friends.

"I wonder what is up now," said Ned, the elevator boy, as he listened to the laughter which stole away into every corner of the halls. "Those men have no end of a good time," he said to himself. "Nobody asks them to come in by nine o'clock, or howls at them to get up in the morning."

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Yes, they were jolly. Something remarkable had happened, and three members of the quartette were laughing at Mr. Jack Breen, the senior member, a reserved bachelor of forty-five, who had just announced his engagement to a lovely young lady. It seemed incredible; and his friends were inclined to consider it a good joke. He was the very last man of the group to be suspected of such a proceeding. He had said again and again that no amount of money or persuasion would induce him to resign his liberty; and yet, here he sat telling his friends that it was all settled, and the wedding would take place in two weeks.

Even his partner was surprised, and gave a low whistle.

"Awfully sudden, isn't it, Jack?"

"Yes, it surprised me; in fact, I am not quite sure of my own identity yet."

"Who is the lady?"

"Berenice Putnam."

"Whew!" ejaculated one of the friends. "How did you happen to meet her? She has been out of society for some seasons on account of her mother."

"That is the reason I chanced to meet her," said Breen calmly.

"Has she any money?" asked Mr. Smart, the flippant member of the quartette.

"Really, I never asked her," was the sarcastic answer. "I forgot to find out for you."

"She is a fine girl," said Hatherton, who felt bound in honor to stand by his partner. "But, Jack, you are the last man I ever thought would marry."

"So I thought," was the laconic reply.

"You have been a very Joey Bagstock for slyness," said Smart. "Why, I never saw you show the slightest attention to any girl."

"I never did."

"Come, tell us about it," said Norton. "Positively, Jack, you have given me such a turn that I shall decline my dinner to-night. I'm too delicate to endure shocks."

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"I told you it was sudden," said Jack, "and such matters are not to be jested about, I assure you. We have been associated here for ten years, now, and when I repeat that I am as much surprised as you are I am simply telling you the truth. As old friends you have, in a way, a right to know something of the affair which must be considered as told you in confidence."

"The 'Jolly Bachelors' will never, never tell," said the irrepressible Smart.

"It is like you to make a clean breast of it," said Hatherton, who loved his partner like a brother.

Mr. Breen threw away the cigar he had been smoking, wiped his lips with a dainty handkerchief, and began:

"You all remember old Skinflint, my wealthy client, and his houses on Bancroft Street which I have charge of?

"He wished me to call upon Mrs. Putnam, whose husband was at one time interested with him in the property; it was necessary to obtain a release from her. As you know, she has had a shock and is very feeble. When I called Miss Berenice came into the hall to see me, and entreated me to make matters as easy as possible for her mother, since her health was so poor, and she had suffered much from the persecutions of Skinflint. I had thought her pretty before, but she was certainly very charming as she stood there pleading for her invalid. I am fully convinced that many women are always most beautiful in their own homes—that is, the kind of women who are best fitted to make homes."

"True, most noble philosopher," said Hatherton.

"Well, Miss Berenice stood there without one thought of herself or her surroundings, and pleaded with me, as if I were a monster, to care for her precious invalid.

"We had a terrible time with the mother; she refused to sign the papers, although Berenice entreated and coaxed her like a petted child. It has been a pretty difficult piece of business, and I have been obliged

to call there several times, for old Skinflint is obstinate and exacting. Every time I called I have seen Miss Berenice in a new phase. She is simply perfect, boys." This solemn assertion caused Smart to laugh aloud, made Norton walk hastily to the window to hide his smiles, and led Hatherton to say, "Then you are the very man for her, old boy."

"You may laugh if you will," said Jack; "I am not one of the silly sort, as you know; but a woman who has so much tact, patience, gentleness and good grit, will prove a woman worth winning; she deserves a better fate than wearing herself out in a sick-room."

"Better exhaust herself in waiting upon Jack Breen, Esquire," said Smart.

"If Jack Breen has not manliness to shield her and care properly for her, he had better die here and now," said the lawyer with an indignant flash of his dark eyes.

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"Beg pardon," said Smart, "you must not mind my nonsense, Breen; go on with the story. I have admired Miss Putnam for years, at a distance."

"You would admire her more if you knew her," said Breen quietly. "She has taught me some things already. When she came to me the other night and placed a little jewel-case in my hand, saying: 'Please take these, Mr. Breen, to use in the settlement of this case, and whatever you do never let my mother know that I have given you these jewels; they are very valuable; my father gave them to me not long before his death, when he was considered a rich man. Use them all if need be, but spare my poor mother further annoyance; she has suffered much from your client, and I am only too grateful to him for sending a gentleman like yourself to arrange with us; you have been so quick to catch my signals, when to speak, and how, that my dear mother imagines you to be her friend rather than her enemy's counselor. I am sorry to trouble you so much, but the Doctor tells me that mamma is liable to leave me at any time, and I shall make her happy at any cost.'

"There she stood, with her eyes full of tears, while I had her diamonds in my hand. Somehow I felt at that moment as if my education had been neglected. Even a Harvard man finds a supreme moment when the egotism and nonsense is knocked out of him, and I began to reflect upon all the mean things I had said of women in general, and young women in particular. I tried to return the jewels, but she looked so hurt I could not insist. It is a peculiar case, if you look at it in a purely legal aspect. The old lady has lost a certain document which invalidates her claim, and prevents her from receiving any income from the property. Now, my client knows this, and insists that she shall resign all claim to the estate, or pay an enormous sum for the taxes and the repairs which have been placed upon the property. I went to Skinflint and told him that I must resign the case; he protested; but I told him that I did not want money enough to take it from the widow and fatherless, and I was convinced that Mrs. Putnam's claim was just. Then I went around to their flat to tell the ladies, or at least to tell the daughter, I was ready to fight for her."

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"Did you sell the jewels?" asked Norton.

"Yes, to myself; my bride will wear them."

"Tell us how it was settled," said Smart. "I am dying to gain a little experience; they say matrimony is a very contagious disease."

"If you do not stop scoffing he will tell you nothing," said Hatherton.

"I only want to know how our good old Breen was caught at last," said Smart.

"I do not know myself," said Breen. "I am telling you the truth. When I went in, Berenice was making some toast for her mother, and they insisted that I should take tea with them. After a suitable time, I announced that I was convinced of the justice of their claim, and had so arranged matters that they would henceforth be exempt from further annoyance. They were overjoyed, especially Berenice. She seemed now like another girl. She brought out her mandolin and played for us, told stories, and joked with her mother, until the old lady said to me, in a burst of confidence, when Berenice had quitted the room, 'Do you know, Mr. Breen, it is the first time she has touched her mandolin since her papa died, and she has been so good to me.' After a time the old lady fell asleep in her reclining chair, and we sat there by the open fire chatting like friends. The only thing I can remember is, that I asked Berenice to marry me, and she refused."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Smart.

"I thought she would catch at the hook at once," said Norton.

"Boys," said Jack Breen, with a very serious face, "your education is at fault; I assure you that a refined, delicate and cultivated woman will never give a hasty answer to such an important question."

"Refused you?" asked Hatherton. "I cannot quite understand it."

"I can," said Breen, "she was perfectly right—

"'Gold lieth deep,
But mica greets the day.'

She said she could not marry any one without a full knowledge of his tastes, views of life and religious belief; besides, it would be impossible to burden any man with the care of her mother. I protested, and made plea after plea; but she stood firm while expressing her warm thanks for my great consideration and kindness. So we parted. Now you know why I took that sudden trip to Washington. When I returned I called upon her, and something in her manner led me to think that she was my sincere friend, if she had refused me. I ventured once more to ask her to become my wife, and after some delay it was settled. She is good enough to accept me with all my faults. No, no, boys, don't congratulate me; condole with her. Ever since she consented to take me I have been finding out my ignorance in a thousand things."

Mr. Breen arose, lighted a fresh cigar, and went out. His confession had cost him a greater effort than his hearers knew.

"There goes a good man spoiled," said Smart.

"Nonsense," said Hatherton, "it will be the making of him."

"Why don't you go and do likewise, then?"

"Because I cannot find any woman whom I dislike sufficiently to punish with my crankiness every day in the year."

Jack Breen's engagement was a nine-days' wonder. Many refused to believe it; some wondered why he had chosen Berenice Putnam, and more why he had cared for a wife at all when he had such big comfortable bachelor quarters. A few malicious people, the wasps of society, insisted "that Berenice Putnam had laid a plot to capture the fortunate lawyer"; while others knew he was too shrewd to overlook the fact that the Western investments in real estate, made long since by Mr. Putnam, were likely to bring forth a rich harvest. There was another faction, to which the Governor's wife belonged—the kindly people, who rejoice in the happiness of others, and especially in the joy of lovers of any age—these good people thought Mr. Breen was a very fortunate man to win such a prize.

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As for Berenice, she had little time to think of herself; her mother required all her care. Then it was the Governor's wife, who had been a schoolmate of Mrs. Putnam, came to the rescue. She was one of those royal souls who never forget old friends, let fate or fortune do their worst, and the moment when the news reached her, told in a little flattering note from her godchild Berenice, she insisted upon acting as her chaperon. It was she who ordered the modest *trousseau*, who made all the arrangements for the wedding in church, because the mother would keep a promise made to her dead husband; and she it was who went with Jack to superintend the furnishing of his new home—a home which Berenice was not to see until after the ceremony.

"I know that child's artistic soul," said Mrs. Apthorp, "and it should be fed; she has done nothing but think of others for years, and now we will think of her. It will be the easiest thing in the world for her to rearrange matters if she chooses."

During this busy period, Jack amused his legal friends by asserting over and over again "that he was just beginning to obtain an education."

"I never dreamed," said he, "that such prosaic things as tables and chairs could prove so interesting. Do you know, Hatherton, that Mrs. Apthorp has tried a dozen places in search of a dainty sewing-chair for Berenice? I have acquired a good bit of knowledge which will help us out in that case of Durkee & Lynn."

A few days after, Jack discovered that a kitchen range was connected with a famous patent law case, and that the carpet in his hall was bought up by a syndicate which threatened to do serious injury to the legitimate trade in such articles. Everything in the house met a question of political economy or social science.

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The man who put in Jack's coal gave him some new ideas of the tariff, and the old German who was filling mattresses in the fourth story—because Mrs. Apthorp insisted "that one could only be sure of good hair and pure when it was done in the house"—told Jack a story of fraud which led him to regard his own profession as remarkably honest. The men who were frescoing the drawing-room not only taught the lawyer something concerning "tints" and "tones," but their relation to health; and, when the plumbing was reached, Jack went out and spent hours consulting the best authorities in sanitary science before he could decide how his home should be fitted up.

Paint, paper, coal, china, glass and furniture all demanded serious attention, and Jack, who had hitherto flattered himself that he had been liberally educated, now found himself lamentably ignorant.

He became so interested in questions of rental from the standpoint of those who were working for him, that his own property acquired a new interest in his eyes, and the tax of the poor man was not "a mere fad of certain reformers."

As to matters of etiquette, with the aid of Berenice and Mrs. Apthorp he found himself only able to come to the surface after a plunge into the ocean of proprieties. But he was fast improving under their tuition.

In Mrs. Putnam's sick-room all the new and dainty appliances which modern science had created, to render the sum of human wretchedness less, made him quite ashamed of his former negligence concerning the quiet sufferers he had known. He had long conversations with Mrs. Putnam's physician, and found another world of thought open to him.

Like most honest men, he had studied well in college, he had a superficial knowledge of the ills which burden humanity, of the influence of the mind upon the body, but little patience with invalids.

"Positively, Hatherton," he said to his partner, "it is quite a shame that we know so little of our own bodies."

There was very little sentimental nonsense about the wedding of Berenice. She would gladly have escaped the ordeal of a church wedding but for her mother's insistence. When Jack saw the woman he was about to marry hold her mother's head on her breast in a mute caress just before they drove away to the church, he thought her far too brave and good for him to claim as his own. There was an absence of tears; but a slight indrawing about the girl's mouth told him, better than words, how her tender heart ached without one relative to bless her on her bridal day; and yet the girl was not thinking of herself, but of the invalid she must leave behind her on her wedding day.

Jack was a proud and happy man as he walked down the aisle of old Trinity with his wife upon his arm; and he was prouder and happier still when he witnessed her delight in the home he had prepared for her.

Her mother was there to welcome her, thanks to the good Doctor, and Jack found the world none the less lovely for the motherly greeting she gave him. Smart had said one day, "It will be an awful bore, old fellow, for you to see an invalid always about"; but Hatherton, who was made in a finer mould, said quickly, "I remember reading somewhere, that the presence of an invalid in a family sanctified the whole household, for it kept them from being selfish, and proved a blessing."

"My dear son," said the invalid, "I shall not be here long, and I want to thank you here and now for your kindness."

It is a little curious to observe how Jack's education extends itself. Every Thursday evening the "Jolly Bachelors" dine with Mrs. Breen and the topics under discussion take a wide range; then, Berenice smiles upon her husband's friends and makes them welcome in such a cheery manner that Hatherton, Smart and Norton all declare Jack the most fortunate of men. As for Jack, he is fond of quoting Sir Richard Steele:

"To love her is a liberal education."

Earthquake of Eighteen Eighty-three

THE STORY OF A VILLAGE SENSATION

By Josiah Allen's Wife

In Two Parts: Part II

WELL, the time that follered and ensued in Jonesville before the trial is one that will be remembered by every citizen of that place as long as memory sets up in her high chair. The wildly rampant curiosity, and pity, and sympathy, and revenge, and twenty-one-sidedness—for every livin' soul, man, woman and child, wuz on one side or the other. The district attorney seemed fairly determined to make out Tom guilty; he acted crazy as a loon. He seemed determined to not let any loop-hole of escape be found for him. And what made it more curious, this district attorney wuz the bosom friend of Jabez. And Jabez cried the most of the time—that is, when he wuz in public—what he did in private I don't know, not bein' one to foller him and spy round. But he cried several times about it in my kitchen, and groaned loud and frequent. And he kep' a-sayin he never should git over the blow, his own cousin, one that he had loved from his birth, to be so guilty. He didn't know but it would kill him. And Josiah kinder worried about him, and lots of folks did, a-thinkin that he would be apt to go into a decline and die.

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I kep' on stiddy a not likin' him, and not carin' if he did go into a decline, and his tears and his groans a not makin' no more impression on to me than so many snorts and sprays from a steam-engine or a waterin'-pot. And Josiah took me to do time and agin for actin' so high-headed to him when he wuz a-takin' on, and he would say:

"What duz ail you?"

And I would say honestly:

"I don't know."

He'd say, "Don't Jabez act jest as well as a human creeter can? Hain't he offered a big reward for findin' the robber? Hain't he paid a detective to hunt round everywhere and try to find somebody so Tom would go clear?"

And I had to admit that he had acted as perfect as if he wuz follerin' a pasteboard pattern.

"Don't he cry about it and groan?" sez Josiah.

And I'd have to admit that he went through the motions.

And then Josiah would say to me agin, "What duz ail you, Samantha, when the hull of Jonesville, and Loontown, and Zoar is all carried away with admiration of Jabez, and his love and sympathy for his unfortunate and guilty cousin?"

And I would say, "I don't know, Josiah—but I didn't like him as a baby or a boy, and I don't like him now, and," sez I, bein' kinder driv to it by impatience, and sorrow, and anger, and most everything else, "if he wants to go into a decline I sha'n't do anything to break it up."

And Josiah called me "hard-hearted," and we had words.

But he knew I wuzn't—he knew my heart wuzn't hard, for more than once he woke up in the night and asked me, real affectionate, "what I wuz cryin' about?"

And I'd say, "I can't tell you, Josiah."

And then he'd worry considerable and offer to rub me, and git the camphor, he not a-knowin' the picture that wuz a-risin' up before me in the stillness of the night, or the bustle of the day, for a coincidence had happened that I thought in honor I hadn't ort to tell any human bein', for the present anyway. It was the picture of that bare, lonesome cell, and Tom Petigrew a-standin' up pale, but nobler-lookin' than I ever see him. And the wonder and rapture in his honest blue eyes when he see me a-comin into his cell, and follerin' clost behind me Kitty Miles. And then the picture of that curly head a-nestlin' on Tom's shoulder, while his face glowed with the light that was never on sea nor on shore. What did he care that he wuz in jail, a disgraced prisoner? Kitty loved him, Kitty wuz his own, his arms wuz around her—he held in them all the hull world of bliss, all life could give him of rapture. They didn't say a word at first, everything wuz told in a look. Love has a way of puttin' hull reams of written or spoken language in one look, one touch, one jestur. But after a while memory came back, brung there, mebby, by the tears Kitty begun to shed, and mebby by some small but deep groans I gin entirely onbeknown to myself. But Tom sez to Kitty:

"Be comforted, sweetheart; I am happy, I am blessed; don't you be unhappy."

"But the cruelty, Tom, of saying you—you have committed this crime!"

And he sez, "I believe now in God's mercy and love. He will make it clear that I am innocent." And he sez, "Do you remember, sweetheart, what we sung that last happy night? We sung of the wideness of God's mercy—it is around me, it will not fail me." He looked so perfectly happy and satisfied that I felt that it wuz only a matter of duty for me to shake him up a little.

And I sez, "Don't you git into your head, Tom, that you hain't got anything to do yourself in the matter." Sez I, "Trust in the Lord, but do everything yourself that you can do to prove your innocence." Sez I, "Sometimes there is too much put on the Lord to do. Now," sez I, "Josiah got once kinder riz up to camp-meetin', and he wouldn't use no Paris green on his potatoes; he said he'd leave 'em to Providence—and I'll be hanged if they didn't come out all right. A potato-bug didn't so much as look at 'em that year, so fur as I knew, and I didn't go aginst him in that. But then he wanted to go furder. When he said he believed he wouldn't dig 'em, but leave that to Providence, I riz up and told him that he wuz goin' too fur. Sez I, 'You're puttin' too much on Providence.' Sez I, 'The Lord wants you to dig them potatoes, and do it before frost comes, too, Josiah.'

"And so I brung him round, and we had a splendid crop, and," sez I, "Tom, the Lord wants you to take every possible way and means you can to prove your innocence."

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So we sot there for two hours talkin' on ways and means to prove his innocence. But the way seemed hedged up on every side. It seemed that Tom and Jabez had been in the habit of goin' into the store evenin's; Jabez proposed, so Tom said, to practice gymnastics before bedtime. Jabez preached up it wuz so healthful. They had practiced this for weeks, but this petickular night, after Jabez had laid uncommon stress on Tom's bein' there at nine o'clock, he didn't come, and Tom stayed and waited for him a half hour or so, and then went home. He boarded to his uncle's. Jabez sed he got throwed from his cart comin' down the Loontown hill and sprained his left foot, and his clothes wuz real muddy and he went lame for several days, so he had to stay to Loontown all night. And sure enough he did put up at the widder Pooler's, it wuz found out, and led in evenin' and mornin' prayer, and didn't make his appearance in Jonesville

until his father had gin the alarm that the money wuz gone. Jabez and Tom wuz the only ones who knew the combination of the safe besides old Petigrew, and as Jabez wuz away, why Tom wuz the only one who could have got it, so said all the community; he wuz there alone late in the even', and the money wuz found in his trunk.

Dark it looked! No thunder-cloud wuz ever any blacker than the cloud that hung over Tom Petigrew. But outside of that cloud—I felt, and I couldn't help a-takin' comfort a-thinkin' on't—all around and above and below that black, threatenin' cloud that closed round him wuz "the wideness of God's mercy"; calm and silent and deep it lay, "like the wideness of the sea." But after talkin' it over calm, Tom's and Kitty's faces wuz pale as death, newly found lovers as they were. And on lookin' clost I see a look on Tom's face that seemed entirely new to me, and I sez:

"Tom, tell me, do you suspect any one?"

Tom kep' still and I sez agin:

"Tell us, Tom, for your fate may hang upon it; tell us who it is that you suspect."

And then Tom spoke up in slow and measured axents, and sez he:

"I will not accuse any one; I know what it is to be accused unjustly; I will not take the chance of doing another this cruel wrong."

"But you do suspect some one, Tom," I sez. "Who is it?"

And he didn't answer, but I see he did, and Kitty see it.

But not even her persuasions, with her pretty arms around his neck and her soft, tear-wet cheeks clost to his, could move Tom to do what he thought wuz wrong.

"But," sez I, "your fate may hang on this very thing, and," sez I, "don't be a fool, and an obstinate one, too."

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But I couldn't budge him the width of a horse hair. I wuz mad as a hen at him, and jest as proud on him as I could be over one and the same thing. How curious women be. And so we had to leave him. I jest turned my back, and fixed my rubbers; they wuz all right, but I pretended whilst Tom and Kitty parted. And then I pinned on the thick veil she had wore, for, though I had been inviggled by love and sympathy and Kitty to come sarahuptishly with her, I wuxn't goin' to have her talked about—no, indeed! I didn't care for myself, and she carried the basket of good things I had baked up for him, and I kinder guess she wuz took for Philury, my hired girl; naterally I wouldn't want to hang round prison alone.

Well, my boy, Thomas Jefferson, the best lawyer in the hull town of Lyme—and I don't care who knows I say it—he volunteered to defend Tom, and Josiah, spurred on by me, left no stun unturned to try to find some evidence in his favor. But everything seemed against him, and not a mite of any suspicion even could be rousted up against anybody else. Whatever Tom suspected he kep' to himself. He didn't even tell Thomas J., for I atted him about it. He wuz into our house one evenin' with quite a number of others all a-talkin' about it, and I atted him, and he sez:

"Mother, I spoze he don't have any proof, and it is not just to lay such a crime to any one from just a mere feelin'." Sez he, "Tom is too manly to try to clear himself by the possibility of accusing another wrongfully."

"But," sez I, "it might lead to sunthin' that would clear Tom," and agin I wuz as mad as a hen at him and as proud as a peacock.

And then Thomas J. smiled, and sez he, "Mother, it has been said that it is hard for a woman to be entirely just." Sez he, "It has been said that they are led more by their feelings than cold facts and justice."

"Yes," sez I, "and how many times has feelin' come out ahead of cold facts? Now here I be in jest this state: I have always loved Tom without havin' any petickular reason to, for you know," sez I severely, "you two boys used to act ridiculous. And I love him yet, right in the face of all this suspicion. I love him and I trust him. While his cousin, who has never done anything only to act from a pattern, I always did detest, and do now worse than ever."

"Well," sez Josiah, "that shows how feeble wimmen's minds be; Jabez has always behaved, and he is actin' well now in the case of his cousin."

"Yes," sez I, "and I hate him worse than ever at this very minute!"

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And Josiah sez again pityin'ly, "Wimmen's minds are weak naterally."

And Thomas J. smiled agin, and sez he in a low voice to me, "Mother, you're most always right, but in this case I am afraid your intuitions will fail, for," sez he, growin' sober, "I have thrown my whole soul and energy into this case; I have searched and sifted all the evidence, and, as well as I love Tom, I have to say that everything points to his guilt."

My heart sunk down at this more'n an inch and a half, for I knew Thomas J. loved Tom like a brother, and if he gin in what would them do that didn't like him or wuz indifferent to him? And then I sez right out to him plain:

"Do you believe Tom Petigrew is guilty, Thomas Jefferson Allen? Do you, really?"

I jest waited for his answer in extreme agitation, and so I spoze did Josiah and the neighbors onbeknown to me. I had forgot that anybody wuz round in my agitation. Thomas J. didn't say nothin'. And agin I sez, not sensin' the folks nor anything, sez I:

"Do you believe that Tom is guilty?"

And Thomas J. sez, "Mother, it is hard for water to run up-hill."

And then he took up his hat and gloves and went right out. And I turned that answer of hisen more'n fifty times a day for more'n a week. You might put it that it wuz hard for him to prove his innocence. Thomas J. is very smart, and I don't know as he ever gin a deeper proof on it than at this time. For the neighbors couldn't say he had said anything against Tom, neither had he said anything for him.

"It is hard for water to run up-hill"!!!! Curious!

Wall, there wuz jest two persons, in the whole of Jonesville, that believed in Tom's innocence the day of that trial.

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The court-room wuz crowded full. Cold, onsympathizin', suspicious faces looked up into Tom Petigrew's face as he stood in the prisoner's bar. He looked pale as death and some stern. His enemies called that the hardness of the criminal. I knew and Kitty knew it wuz the barrier his nater throwed out instinctively to keep him from sinkin' down under the hardness of his fate. I've lots of times been so sorry for myself that I've cried. Tom had tried to not have Kitty there that day, but I didn't say a word against it after I looked in her face.

She come and went with me and set by my side, for she and Mis' Miles had had words. Mis' Miles said she wuz a-disgracin' herself; for Kitty come right out and told her ma that she would marry Tom and nobody else. And Mis' Miles and Jabez had mournful conferences together very often, a-recountin' their griefs and a-makin' poetry, where "grief" every time rhymed with "thief," and "weep and wail" with "prison and jail." But Mis' Miles told Jabez that Kitty would never marry a criminal, and she held up his hopes about her, though them hopes she held out wuz spattered with her tears. Jabez didn't go to court; he'd been away from home at the time of the robbery, and he said Mis' Miles wuz so broke down that he'd stay with her.

Well, there Kitty sot right clost up to my side, right in front of Tom and as nigh as we could git to him, for I didn't hender her in any of her moves after I see that look on her face. It wuz the look of an angel that wuz above the earth a-lookin' over all its small joys and sorrows. Kitty Miles' face never would have wore that look if it hadn't been for this experience she wuz a-passin' through. Stephen's face didn't shine till they commenced to throw them hard stuns at him, or we don't read that it did. Then in the darkness Heaven's light shone on him. That same light shines down now; it wuz a-shinin' clear on Kitty Miles' face and deep, pitiful eyes. She see beyond the injustice of the present into the justice of the future. Tom looked down full at her once; their eyes seemed growed to each other in that sweet look, and then Tom turned away, and I see that shadder of sternness settle over his liniments plainer than ever.

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Well, the evidence wuz all in. Thomas J. did make—and I hain't the only one who said it—he made the speech of his life. His love for Tom glowed through every word. But all he could dwell on wuz the good character he'd always borne, and the district attorney jest tore that all to pieces. Why David had never killed anybody till he wanted Ury's wife. And Cain wuz likely, so fur as I know, and never had killed Abel till he wuz mad at him because he could build a better fire than he could. Lots of folks are good for quite a spell, and then when temptation comes, over they go. His speech wuz called grand and convincin'. And before it wuz half through you could see by the faces that they jest knew Tom wuz guilty. And I see by Thomas J.'s face, though he tried to cover it up, but he couldn't from his ma, that the case wuz hopeless. Well, then the Judge give a charge to the jury, and the jury filed out in a solemn row, and I felt that I couldn't breathe, the suspense wuz so dredful. But if I'd held my breath the hull time I d'no as it would have hurt me much, for it wuzn't any time hardly when back they filed in a solemn row, solemner than ever. And the Judge said:

"Foreman of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict?"

And the head one answered, "Yes."

And sez the Judge, "What's the verdict?"

And that man stepped forward, and sez he: "Guilty!"

And if you'll believe it he hadn't no more than got the words out of his mouth before all to once the house seemed to shake from basement to attic, and a strange, dizzy sensation of sunthin', we knew not what, swep' over us all. And in less time, so it seemed to me, than I'm a-writin' it down with my good steel pen and black ink, the crowd swep' outdoors—jurymen a-jumpin' over lawyers, and lawyers etcetery. The Judge the first lunge went under a table, and I, Josiah Allen's wife, found myself a-brandishin' my umbrell, wildly, a-wavin' off I knew not what. When my senses come back I see that Tom and Kitty stood there all alone; he and Kitty stood there with clasped hands, and as I looked in his noble face I couldn't help thinkin' to myself, mebby it wuz irreverent, but it wuz Bible anyway, "Where are thine accusers?"

And echo answered, for we could hear 'em plain; they are a-fallin' over each other and a-actin' down on the stairs and in the hall. But Kitty wuz a-pleadin' with him, with clasped hands and streamin' eyes. I couldn't hear all she said, but I knew she wuz a-urgin' him to take advantage of the confusion and escape, for I heard his answer:

"Sweetheart, I can't act like a coward!"

"But, Tom," and her big eyes held love and entreaty enough in 'em to melt a stun, "but, Tom, they say you're guilty!"

"But I am not guilty, darling."

"But they will never believe you—they will put you in prison, and my heart will break," sez she. And I spoke up, and sez I, "Kitty, God is just and He hain't dead," and as I said it like a flash come over me in that dretful time, there swep' through my mind a thought of that old hymn, how the "wideness of God's mercy" wuz "like the wideness of the sea." And I hadn't hardly thought on't and hadn't got the words out of my mouth before the door opened and——

Wall, I've always been glad that I said that jest as I did. They couldn't say that I'd lost faith in darkness and found it agin when things looked brighter.

But to resoom. The door bust open, and the crowd surged back again, for the earthquake shock wuz past, and the Judge riz up agin from under the table and pretended that he had been a-lookin' for sunthin', and behind the crowd, bareheaded and with nothin' round her, wuz—— Wall, I always said Mary Jane Miles wuz a Christian, under all her curiosity of behavior and poetry and everything, and never did she give a brighter proof on't than on this day. For the minute she got inside the door she called out and put up her hand to attract attention, and sez she:

"The guilty party has confessed! Tom Petigrew is innocent!" And then she went on, good, down-hearted creeter, she proceeded to knock down her idols with her own hands, and throw 'em away.

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"Jabez Petigrew has confessed that he is the guilty one—he stole the money and threw all the suspicion on his cousin." And seemin' to want to break up the last hull atom of her idol into perfect flinders, sez she, "He confessed out of fear when the shock come; he thought it wuz the last day, and he wuz afraid to die in his guilt."

And then Mis' Miles, havin' smashed her idol into dust, sot down on it, and immediately begun to worry for fear she had took cold. Kitty tore off her own bonnet a-laughin' and cryin' all to once, and Mis' Miles sort o' settled back and murmured:

"Oh, what a shake
It did—did take
His will to break
And make—and make——"

Here her metre seemed to run out and she subsided into tears, and began to worry for fear Jabez's head would sile the sofa-piller.

Wall, no tongue can ever describe the feelin's of Tom and Kitty, and the words they said to each other—no, it can't be told.

I guess there wuz never such another day of rejoicin' in Jonesville or the world, as follered on and ensued. Tom Petigrew wuz the hero and idol of the day. His uncle, poor, broken-hearted man over his son's guilt (and I spoze it wuz done through jealousy and to git Kitty), he offered Tom right on the spot a partnership in the business. The officers didn't know what to do about arrestin' the real culprit, and so there wuz a delay, durin' which the poor, weak critter got the start of 'em and escaped to Canada, where he's a-livin' now for all I know. I hearn he wuz a-peddlin' lightnin'-rods, and mebby it is so. I kinder hope sometimes he won't fall often some ruff, and then agin I don't worry so much about it.

Mis' Miles never made another objection to Kitty's marryin' Tom, not one. She wuz all broke down and crushed in sperit, and didn't branch out into any new and curious poetry till the day of the weddin', then I heard she made a weddin' owed.

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But I tell you I felt real relieved to find out that I had been in the right all the time about Tom and Jabez. I sez to Josiah:

"You said my feelin's about Jabez wuz a proof of weak-mindedness in females, but you see it wuzn't, not at all—quite the contrary and the reverse. You said there wuz no way to clear Tom, but you see there wuz."

"Well," sez Thomas Jefferson, "if that earthquake hadn't happened——"

"Happened!" sez I scornfully.

"But, mother," sez Thomas J., "you don't believe that earthquake was sent on purpose to clear Tom, do you?"

And I kinder tosted my head agin and looked volumes, but didn't come right out and say thus or so.

And come to think on't, I don't spoze I ort to think that the old earth herself got so mad to see such onjustice a-goin' on that she jest humped up her old back and shook herself. I don't know as I ort to think so, and as I say, I didn't come right out either way, but simply looked wise and kep' still, which is a great and a common way of gittin' up a reputation for wisdom one hasn't got.

The Silence of Jean-Louis

ON THE EVE OF HER WEDDING

By Michel Triveley

"COME here, quick, if you want to see Mademoiselle Aline. She's coming down the street."

Christine, the inn-keeper, seated before her door knitting, dropped her eyes upon two figures coming along the little street. It appeared that from each doorstep a like summons had been given, for almost all the inhabitants of Coubertin were gathered at their front doors.

Mademoiselle Aline, the object of all this interest, passed along, accompanied by a young fellow dressed after the manner of a farmer, with whom she talked, and never seemed to notice the tumult which her radiant beauty had caused. She smiled and bowed to those whom she knew, and finally entered a store which bore above its door the sign: "Louvre de Coubertin." As soon as she was out of sight the tongues began to move.

"Oh, my, but she's pretty!"

"There's not a girl in this town that can stand next to her!"

"It's her husband who will be the lucky man!"

"It's funny she hasn't married."

"If only she would have accepted that Monsieur Duviquet!"

"Or Monsieur Bonnassal, the rich old advocate's nephew!"

"Oh, well, look at Jean-Louis, the nephew of Monsieur Beaujars. He seems happy with his cousin, doesn't he?"

"I wonder if he is in love with her?"

"He? He's too stupid. All he thinks about is the cows and chickens on his uncle's farm. He couldn't fall in love."

Aline Beaujars merited her reputation for beauty. Nothing could be more exquisite than this young girl of eighteen years, with her blond hair, her gray eyes, and her brilliant complexion. She lived happily at her father's farm, where every one loved and worshiped her as a sort of queen, beginning with Jean-Louis, who, in spite of his stupidity, possessed marvelous ingenuity in satisfying the young girl's caprices. He was an orphan, and had been adopted while a child by his rich uncle, Monsieur Beaujars, and now occupied on his farm the position of general manager.

"If it were not for Jean-Louis," Beaujars had often said, "I would not be as well off as I am. He is a treasure. But it is queer that he seems so stupid about other things."

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It was on account of this reputation for innocent stupidity that Jean-Louis was allowed to be the constant companion of Aline when she went to town. He was a protector, nothing more, in the eyes of the girl's parents. In reality he and the girl were fast friends, and Aline found him anything but stupid as a companion. She used to question herself as to just how much her regard for her old friend had to do with her desire to remain unmarried. Once she said to him, a little wistfully:

"Jean, Bristol has asked me to marry him. What do you say?"

"He's a fine fellow," replied her cousin, without meeting her eyes.

"Then you would advise me to accept him?"

"Why not, since you must marry some day? As well he as another."

Nevertheless Aline determined to become an old maid, and in this resolve she reached twenty years. Then Monsieur Isidore Bertoulin proposed to her. He was considered a splendid parti, and Beaujars was determined to secure him as a son-in-law. He was good-looking, rich and clever. Aline consented, and was hurt because Jean-Louis seemed glad. He didn't care for her, she decided, and she might just as well go away from him.

Monsieur Isidore came often to see his betrothed, and treated her with every mark of attentive affection. She seemed content, and the wedding day grew gradually nearer. It was her custom to walk with her lover as far as Coubertin, when he returned home in the evenings, and on these occasions Jean-Louis walked some hundred feet behind them and accompanied Aline back home again. On one of these walks Isidore said to her:

"Jean-Louis is very devoted to you, is he not?"

"Yes; he always has been. When I was a child he played with me; later he taught me to read. As I grew up he surrounded me with everything for my good. He has been my playmate, my teacher, my dear friend——"

"And now he is a family servant?"

"You are much mistaken. He is not a servant. I have the deepest affection for him, and I want you to promise that, after our marriage, you will always treat him with consideration."

"In a general way, yes."

"No, more than that. He must come to our house whenever he will and stay as long as he will. You will make him feel that he is welcome, will you not?"

"Yes, yes. The devotion he feels for you is a common trait among faithful servants."

Aline felt irritated.

"Please let me repeat that it is disagreeable to me to have you consider Jean as a servant. He is a friend, a relative——"

"Adopted through charity?"

"Oh!" breathed Aline indignantly.

They had arrived at the first houses of Coubertin, where they always separated. As Jean-Louis joined them Bertoulin, with natural lack of tact, and wishing to show something of a husband's authority, said:

"Good-night, Jean. I confide mademoiselle to you. Take very good care of your mistress!" and with that he turned and left them standing together by the roadside.

Jean-Louis flushed at the insult, but said nothing, and the return was made in silence. Aline, who usually led the conversation, was a prey to conflicting thoughts. She thought of her accepted lover, and then stole a glance at the strong, erect figure beside her. Finally she said:

"Well, Jean, only two or three walks of this kind, and then we will see no more of each other."

"Is the marriage to be soon, Aline?"

"Yes; in a week."

"Well, little cousin, I am happy if you are happy, and I wish you the greatest joy that can come to one's life."

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"Are you happy, Jean?" persisted the girl, feeling conscious of a vague desire that he should not be so. For reply he shrugged his shoulders. At another time Aline would have dropped the subject without seeking to find the meaning of the man's gesture. But the conversation with Isidore had irritated her, and in comparison with the smallness of character displayed by him the strong simplicity of the man beside her seemed more than ever attractive.

"What will you do when I am married?" she continued.

"I'll come to see you."

"No," said Aline cruelly; "my husband does not like you."

"And you?" asked Jean calmly.

"I think I hate you!" cried the girl passionately. "You pretend to like me and you are glad that I am going away forever. Yes, glad. I know you are."

"Stop! You don't know what you are talking about," cried Jean. His calm, indifferent manner had dropped from him like a cloak, and his words came as though forced against his will. Aline drew back in surprise at the change in the man, whose voice shook with long-repressed passion.

"You are forcing me to speak, and now you must listen," he went on. "I love you! I love you as this man you are going to marry never dreamed of loving. I have always loved you; no, more—worshiped you!"

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"Then why have you not told me so before it was too late?"

"Can't you see that I, adopted into your family, could not go to your father and ask for your hand? I should have lost you forever. I have feigned indifference and been called 'stupid' for the sole purpose of being near to you, waiting on you, and keeping harm from you. Oh, Aline, why do you torture me into telling you this?" The excitement left his voice, and he turned wearily from her and began to walk slowly on along the road. She followed him, her heart beating wildly with emotion. She had never seen him this way before. How handsome he had looked with his blazing eyes and quivering mouth! How big he was, and strong and noble! He turned to her just as they reached the gate, and, taking her hand in his, said gently:

"I should not have spoken to you, little cousin. I had determined to play my part out to the end, and see, I have failed. I will go away to-night. Forget me and my poor love, and be happy." He raised her hand to his lips. "Good-by!" and he quickly turned toward the house.

Aline seized his arm. "You shall not go!" she cried.

"I must!"

"I command you to stay!"

"It is impossible after what has passed between us."

"Very well, then, I shall go with you."

"Aline, what are you saying?"

"Must I tell this stupid man everything before he can understand? I love you, too, Monsieur Jean-Louis, and if you will not marry me, I'll——"

She was caught in two strong arms, and the rest of her sentence was never uttered.

"But, little one," said Jean, looking into the eyes raised to his, "what will your father say?"

"My father loves you and he loves me. Come and we will tell him."

The next day Monsieur Isidore Bertoulin and Monsieur Beaujars had a fiery interview. Aline and Jean-Louis were not present, but from an upper window they watched the visitor take an undignified departure.—Translated from the French of Michel Triveley.

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Queen Wilhelmina's Herring.—The arrival of "the first herring" at Vlaardingen is a great event in Holland. The selected fish, the first-fruit of the herring harvest, is always solemnly declared to be "the property of the Queen of the Netherlands." The fishermen would look upon it as a sort of treason for any one else to eat it. The fish is wrapped in a silken flag bearing the National colors, and conveyed along the road in solitary grandeur to the Royal palace at the Hague.

Him they Called "The Bounder"

THE FIGHT IN THE BURMESE JUNGLE

By Horace Wyndham

"And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman."

THERE was really no help for it—the fiat had gone forth—and the "Bounder" must go.

It was unfortunate, for his own sake, that he was so dense. To a person of more acute perception, the eminently considerate, and even humorous, attentions of his brother officers would, long ago, have indicated to him that his presence, in the mess of the "Flash 200th," was not exactly in accordance with the inclinations of the other members thereof.

To this intent, as is, at times, the playful practice of the British "sub.," they had screwed up his door ten minutes before the parade fell in; put his shirts in his bath on a guest night; and, in the scanty costume of pajamas and forage cap, compelled him to warble ditties in the ante-room at two o'clock in the morning.

From the time that he joined the battalion at Bangalore, some six months previously, so full of pride and happiness at being an officer in his father's old corps, Second Lieutenant John Devereux Robinson had been the constant recipient of these delicate attentions at the hands of his brother officers somewhat to their amusement.

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Poor "Bounder," as they christened him on his second night at mess, when, in his nervousness at the novelty of his surroundings, he dropped a lump of ice on the carpet, readily took it all as merely evidence of the ebullitions of a joke-loving community, and never for a moment put it down to malice. Yet he was always getting into trouble—and with the best intentions in the world. Even when he saluted the bandmaster, being so impressed by the dignity and gold lace of that warrior as to mistake him for the Colonel, just returned from leave, thereby incurring the comparatively justified wrath of the Adjutant, he apologized profusely, and sought to rectify his mistake by shaking hands with him the first time they met.

To overlook this thing was impossible; such *faux pas* could not be tolerated. And to discuss the most effective means of causing the withdrawal of the "Bounder," from the most hallowed precincts of the 200th, an impromptu mess meeting had been convened. Captain Vernon Molyneux was the unanimously appointed President.

The proverbial last straw had just occurred. The "Bounder," about whom there was nothing really radically wrong or ungentlemanly, was painfully nervous and self-conscious. For this unfortunate state of affairs his early training was greatly responsible. Of quiet and studious disposition, he had never been sent to a public school, nor mixed with his fellows until he entered Sandhurst. There, his studious habits, although gaining for him the epithet of a "Sap," had enabled him to enjoy the congenial society of the few who regard the possession of a commission as something more than a mere passport to idleness.

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His greatest drawback was his fatal nervousness. Ladies had to confess that "they could not get on with poor Mr. Robinson; he was really so shy." Indeed, in their presence he was apt to lose his head completely. Yet, in other ways, the "Bounder" was rather popular. His intense good nature, and never failing readiness to do another a good turn, were proverbial. Unfortunately his nervousness discounted a good deal of the good opinion which his other admirable qualities had justly earned for him.

The subject of the discussion, now taking place, was the offense which he had committed the previous day. He had been guilty of what, to an officer, is one of the deadliest crimes in the calendar. He had made a mess of things on parade. In aggravation of his offense, it had occurred at the General's inspection. As a fitting termination to the disasters of that awful two hours, he had tripped over his sword before the very eyes of the General and staff during the march past. The Colonel, choking with suppressed passion, had ordered him to leave the drill ground.

His brother officers, on whom such reprehensible conduct naturally reflected, felt that the matter was too serious to be dealt with by that dread tribunal, "a Subaltern's Court-Martial." Hence the conclave in the mess room, the decision of which was that the "Bounder" must go.

"The worst of it is, the beggar don't seem to know how to take a hint; he doesn't seem inclined to shunt," drawled Uppington, a weedy-looking young man, of about two-and-twenty, whose esteemed father, having amassed a fortune in the dry-goods business, having risen from office-boy to the head of the manufactory, had sent his son into the Army "to make a gentleman of him."

"Perhaps he's waiting for you to give him a lead, Uppy," remarked Vere, a good-looking man, who was almost the only one who had declined to take part in the usual horseplay at the "Bounder's" expense.

"Never mind about that," interrupted Molyneux; "what we're discussing is whether the 'Bounder' is to be shunted or not. I fancy all you fellows agree with me."

"I think," said Vere good-naturedly, "that we might really leave that sort of thing for the Chief to decide."

"Oh! dash it all, Vere," exclaimed Second Lieutenant Uppington, "the fellow's a perfect sweep. Can't imagine where he came from. His mother must have taken in washing."

At this display of wit a chorus of laughter arose from a few callow youths, who took their cue from Uppy. Some of the seniors present checked it promptly.

"Look here, Uppington," said Vere angrily, "it hardly becomes you to talk about parentage. Mr. Robinson's father was an officer and a gentleman, and at one time commanded this battalion, and fell at its head in Afghanistan."

"All right, Vere," sneered Molyneux, between whom and the last speaker there was an ill-disguised antipathy. "These particulars are extremely interesting, no doubt, but I think that it is generally admitted that we can do without the pleasure of Mr. Robinson's society. As senior here, I shall go and acquaint the Colonel."

"Very well, you can do as you like, of course; but some of you'll be sorry when he's gone. You were glad enough to avail yourselves of his offer to relieve you when there was cholera in the detachment's lines at Bunda, during all last summer."

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When Captain Molyneux went on his charitable errand to Colonel Forrester, he found that that officer had already decided to relieve the regiment of the presence of the offending subaltern.

His interview with him had occurred earlier in the afternoon.

"For your father's sake, Mr. Robinson, I am sorry about it, but you must really leave the battalion. The General himself remarked on your awkwardness on parade. I dare say you can manage an exchange into the Transport or something. I'll give you three days to make up your mind, before I recommend your resignation. In the meantime you will be excused from all duty, of course."

The "Bounder" grew painfully white as the conviction slowly dawned upon him that it was not entirely a joke to which he was being subjected. Did he understand the Colonel correctly? To leave his father's regiment, to hold a commission in which had been the most cherished of his boyish aspirations, and the dearest hope of his widowed mother and sister, under the stigma of incompetency? Oh! it was too dreadful. And then to give it up for a Departmental Corps. He would rather enlist in the ranks.

"You are very good, sir, to give me a little time," he said falteringly. "I don't think I'll trouble you to get me an exchange. I'll send in my papers on Thursday."

"All right, Mr. Robinson," replied the Colonel, greatly relieved to find that he had taken it so well. "I'm sorry about it, of course, but you must really see that it's the only thing to do."

"Quite so, Colonel Forrester," said the "Bounder" steadily, although all the time a sickening sense of disaster gnawed at his heart.

Afraid lest he should break down, he made his way hurriedly across the narrow compound to his own bungalow. Entering, he locked the door, and throwing himself on his bed, burst into a paroxysm of grief.

"Oh, God!" he murmured brokenly. "What shall I do? What shall I do? They can't really mean to send me away. Suppose I see the General about it? No; if they don't want me, I shan't stay."

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Was this really to be the end of his hopes or was it another grim joke? The Colonel's manner was too serious to build any hopes on the possibility of there being any jest about it. To be sent away! Oh, it was too dreadful! And then, for incompetency, too! He, who had passed out at the top of the list, whose bookshelf was full of prizes, and who, at the last language examination, had been specially commended for the thoroughness with which he had grasped the vernacular. His eye caught his sword, resting against his uniform, neatly folded on a chair. The sword that had been his father's, and that he was never to draw again! Nor, perhaps, would he ever again wear the uniform of which they had all been so proud at home. He remembered how his sister had wished him "luck and happiness" that evening when he put it on for the first time. "Luck and happiness"—how the words mocked him! His sister, too—poor Muriel! How proud she had been of him. Would he ever see her again?

"No," he reflected bitterly, "he was disgraced now, and could never face them at home any more. A thousand times no—better dead than this—he would shoot himself first."

Across the sun-scorched plain came the dull report of the evening gun and the sound of the bugles heralding another sunset. The wailing notes of the Retreat stirred him strangely.

"I shall never hear another Retreat," he thought; "the next call will be Reveille. It is a long journey, but they shall not say that I was afraid to start."

Stealthily he crossed the now rapidly darkening room, and groped his way to his dispatch-box. Unlocking this, he drew out a polished oak case, from which he removed his revolver.

"I wonder where the cartridges are?" he thought. "Ah! there are some on the mantelpiece—if I remember rightly."

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He made his way to the fireplace, and felt among the articles on the mantelpiece for his cartridge-box. As he picked it up a last ray of the dying sunlight suddenly entered the half-open window, and, illuminating the room, cast a momentary reflection on a photograph beside his hand. Instinctively he was about to move it when it happened to catch his eye. It was that of his mother. On the calm and beautiful face he observed an expression that he had never before noticed; it seemed to reproach him. With a shudder he dropped the revolver and laughed nervously. With an effort he turned away.

"Those fellows must be right when they complain of my being nervous," he remarked as he picked up the pistol. "Well, they sha'n't complain any more," he added as he opened the breech and slipped in a cartridge.

He turned again to the photograph.

"Good-by, mother dear; good-by, Muriel. I shall see you again some day."

He turned, and raised the pistol to his forehead. A quick step bounded up the narrow steps of his veranda, and somebody was hammering at the door.

"Hi! Robinson, old chap," exclaimed a cheery voice outside. "Open the door, you old hermit, there's glorious news just arrived."

The "Bounder" started at the sound, and, throwing the revolver on the table, turned up the lamp and opened the door. Vere entered the room.

"By Jove! old chap, I've got some news for you. Let's have some illumination first, though," he added, lighting another lamp. As he did so, he noticed the pistol.

"Hullo! You seem to have been getting ready for it—cleaning your revolver, I see!"

"What do you mean?" asked the other hurriedly.

"Why, the news has just come by telegraph from the Brigade office. There's been a reverse somewhere north of Minyo, and we're to leave for Burmah to-morrow evening."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the "Bounder."

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"Eh! What? Oh, yes, of course; but, I say, old man, you shouldn't leave ball cartridges in your breech. You'll be having an accident one of these days, and shoot yourself by mistake, perhaps. By the way, I met the Chief just now—he isn't a bad sort at all, when you know him—and he asked me to tell you that he had changed his mind about what he was saying this morning—whatever it was; nothing very important, I expect—and would like to see you this evening. Ta-ta," and he departed, warbling cheerfully:

"By the old Moulmain Pagoda, looking eastward to the sea,
There's a Burmah girl a-sitting, and I know she thinks o' me."

The Colonel received him graciously. Visions of a successful campaign, with himself gaining glory at the head of his battalion and prospective promotion, had put him in a good humor.

"Ah! Mr. Robinson," he remarked blandly, "I wanted to tell you that that little matter about which we were speaking this morning will not be proceeded with any further. You can consider my instructions on the subject as cancelled. I'm very busy this evening, so must wish you good-night."

Carter, the senior Major, spoke to him as he was returning to his quarters.

"You've got your chance now, Robinson, to show us what you're made of," he said kindly; "take it, and make your brother officers acknowledge your worth."

"Thank you, sir, I intend to," replied the "Bounder" earnestly.

"He had got his chance!" As he walked back to his bungalow his spirits rose to such an extent that he felt inclined to run for sheer delight. "He had got his chance!" the Major had said, and he meant to make good use of it. By Jove! he'd make his companions proud of him yet!

With a feeling almost akin to shame, he returned the revolver to its case. "When I next use it," he thought, "it will be in regular action and not against my own self."

Twenty-four hours' notice is not much for a battalion to prepare for active service. However, the "Flash 200th" were, according to their boast, "fit at any time for anything," and the next evening saw them, with their hastily packed baggage, parading in front of the lines, in the presence of the whole station. A number of ladies, who on such occasions always muster in force, graced the scene, and waved an adieu as the column marched to the railway station, to the inspiriting strains of The Girl I Left Behind Me.

Alas! many a gallant fusilier, who marched thus gayly away that hot afternoon, was destined, ere many months, to lie in a lonely grave.

A hot day, with the rays of a burning sun penetrating even the thickly leaved branches of the network of trees in a Burmese jungle. A rough clearing on the summit and slopes of a slight hill was crowned by a strongly built stockade.

Inside were a few roughly constructed buildings, occupied by a small detachment of English troops. The few toil-stained, disease-stricken, untidily clad men, who were posted as sentries at the inclosures, could scarcely be recognized as the spic-and-span "flash fusiliers" of a former day. The long marches and scanty rations, with constant toil and exposure, had sternly brought home to them that the campaign was not exactly a picnic. Sickness had wrought its fell work, and, of the nine hundred fighting men of the battalion, only some eighty, with a handful of natives, could be spared to garrison this particular outpost.

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An officer, who had just been visiting the sentries, entered a tent to report himself to his superior.

"The deserter, sir, captured this morning, says that Pingyo intends to attack us with two hundred men to-night. We must put things in readiness, in case it proves something more than a false alarm."

"I wish, Mr. Robinson, you would not be so ready to believe these beastly niggers' cock-and-bull stories," exclaimed Captain Molyneux testily. "We have been in this infernal hole three weeks, and not yet seen the ghost of a native. I intend to go back to camp this afternoon, too. I'm sure the place is unhealthy. You can do as you like about preparing for this imaginary attack, although I'm sure it's quite unnecessary."

"Do you think, sir, that in face of the Colonel's instructions, you would be justified in leaving the detachment until relieved?" asked his subordinate steadily.

"Now, look here! Mr. Robinson," broke in Captain Molyneux angrily, "I shall not allow you to dictate to me. If I don't particularly care about being shot in the back by a beastly nigger, it's no affair of yours."

A few hours later, the pale, cold moon rose slowly over the tree-tops and cast its light on a strange scene. Slowly and stealthily approaching the stockade were a number of dusky figures. All unconscious of their presence, the sentries paced their beats. Suddenly a shot rang out, and poor Job Winton, dreaming peacefully of his native Devonshire farmyard, fell to the ground with a great, gaping bullet hole in his breast.

"Wahan koi hai?" (Who is there?) challenged a Sepoy sentry, and, without waiting for an answer, fired his rifle.

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A bugle rang out the alarm. In a moment all was uproar, and concealment was no longer of any avail. With strange-sounding instruments of brass and wood, a small body of priests, hovering discreetly on the outskirts, urged on their more war-like comrades. In the absence of his Captain, the "Bounder" found himself in command. It was a proud moment, although at first his habitual nervousness almost overcame him at the prominence of his position. With an effort he shook it off and issued his orders with the coolness of a veteran.

"Color-Sergeant Watson, take thirty men and defend the west entrance. Hold on to the last. If I fall you must come here to the main gateway and take command. It will be daylight in another hour or so, and if we can hold out till then we'll be all right. They're bound to hear us in the camp, and send help."

For two hours the attack raged. "Would help never come?" anxiously questioned John Devereux Robinson, as, smoking revolver in hand, he wiped his powder-stained face. He had a bullet in his left arm, and a badly cut forehead; yet he never ceased for a moment cheering and encouraging his men.

With the dogged pertinacity of most Englishmen they fought grimly and steadily against their foes, who had now been reinforced till they outnumbered them.

The sharp ping of the bullets whistled through the air as they buried themselves in the stockade; or more often, crashing through the body, lay many a gallant fusilier low, who would never again see his native lanes and hedges, his wife or mother.

"It's a good death to die for one's country," thought the "Bounder," and he wished that such might be his end. To fall in action, at the head of his men, would surely make his comrades proud of him!

Presently the Color-Sergeant came up to him. He had been badly hit, but was still gallantly doing his best.

"I'm afraid we can't hope to hold out much longer, sir," he remarked. "The ammunition's running out. If help doesn't come in another hour it will be too late. They seem to be gathering for a general attack on this side. We'd better make a fast charge, and end it."

"Help's sure to come, and we must hold out at all costs, Sergeant. You'd better bring your men round here. If I fall first you must hold on to the last extremity. Anything's better than falling into the hands of those devils."

"You're right, sir, and the men know it, too, and fight all the harder."

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The little band, now sadly lessened in numbers, were fighting stubbornly, resolved to die first, rather than fall into the hands of their enemies, whose cruel practice of torturing, in hideous manner, their prisoners, is too well known to those who have campaigned in the country.

Presently one of the men came up and, saluting, stood as rigidly to attention as if he were on the barrack square.

"Beg pardon, sir, Private Muggins says to me, a minute ago, as how 'e 'eard a bugle sounding the 'advance.' 'Private Muggins,' I says, 'you're a bloomin' liar! which, begging your pardon again, sir, I'm sorry for. The next minute 'e falls down with a slug in his chest, and I 'ears the bugle, too."

"By Jove!" cried their Commander, as a welcome blast sounded in the distance, "you're right; they've heard our firing and will be here directly. Hold on for another few minutes, men."

The enemy's scouts heard them as well. Maddened with rage at the manner in which they had been balked of their prey in the moment of expected victory, they hurled themselves again at the gateway for a final effort.

"Don't expose yourselves so needlessly, men," cried their Commander, as a number of them bravely advanced to defend the threatened point. "I want a dozen volunteers to hold the gateway with me, while the Color-Sergeant keeps them from flanking us."

A dozen stepped forward at once.

"Bill! 'E's a rare plucked one, 'e is," muttered one of them to his neighbor, enthusiastically. "'E's not like some of them blasted chaps who are so precious 'andy at giving their bloomin' orders from the rear of the fighting line."

"Lord lummy, Jack! but you're right," asserted his comrade cheerfully, as he delivered the "third point" with precision and effect on one of his dusky foes.

A terrible five minutes ensued. Again and again, with reckless fanaticism, the enemy stormed the entrance; but were, time after time, driven back by the little band of defenders, every man of whom now bore marks of conflict. The reinforcements were rapidly nearing them. In another moment, with a British cheer, the "charge" sounded, and at the point of the bayonet a strong party doubled across the clearing and scattered the natives, who, firing a last volley, fled at their approach.

Alas! in that last volley, in the moment of victory, a Burmese bullet found its billet in the breast of the gallant commander of the besieged. With a half-choked cheer on his lips, the "Bounder" fell beside his post, his stiffening fingers clenching his sword hilt.

He tried to speak, but the blood, welling from his lungs, choked back the words. One of the men stooped down and handed him his water bottle, which he eagerly drained. The draught revived him a little. "Tell them," he murmured falteringly, "that I held out to the last."

Again the blood welled from his mouth, choking his words. A gasp, and it was over. The "Bounder" had fallen. His last fight was fought, and he would never again draw the sword of which he had been so proud.

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In the evening a little party assembled beside an open grave. Bare-headed, the Colonel stood beside a lifeless form, enveloped in a military great-coat, a sword still grasped in the clenched and stiffened fingers of the body underneath.

"I wish, gentlemen," he was saying gravely, "that I could feel that I could as confidently depend on you all to act, in a similar emergency, with as much courage and devotion as has your dead comrade. He has died a soldier's death, falling at the head of his men, and has given his life for his country."

Far away, in a little Hampshire village, sat two ladies, in a pretty flower-decked room of a cottage, whose walls were covered with the sweet-smelling honeysuckle and dog-roses of English lanes. It was the afternoon of a calm May day, and through the open window came, faintly borne on the breeze, the sounds of distant cheering. The elder lady held in her hand a letter, on which her tears were fast falling.

"Oh! mother," cried the younger one, "the Fusiliers are returning to-day. How can the people have the heart to rejoice, when we have such grief?"

"Listen, Muriel dear," she answered, "we have much to be thankful for. Our boy has proved himself a true soldier. This is what the Colonel says:

"'Your son has died a soldier's death. He has fallen in action, at the head of his men, and by his devotion and courage has taught us all a lesson. His comrades are all intensely proud of him.'"

The Wooing of Miss Strong

THE STORY OF A BRIEF COURTSHIP

By Margaret Butler Snow

In Two Parts: Part II

IT WAS early when the party reached the little wharf next morning. They stood waiting in the deliciously mild sunshine. Helen leaned against a large box, idly pushing the point of her slim, silver-handled umbrella into the cracks between the weather-beaten and shrunken old boards. Jack stood watching her. It was incredible how much prettier she was than he had thought her. The discovery of each new perfection gave him a subtle, wonderful sense of joy. Every thread of gold in her bright hair gleamed as the sun searched it. The scrutiny of this clear morning light brought out all her exquisite coloring; the red in her cheeks paling in comparison with the vivid scarlet of her lips. Her hair grew in an exquisite line on her full, white neck behind her small, tinted ears. He noticed that the narrow white rim of her collar accentuated the warm creaminess of her skin. Behind her, the blue of the still water met the blue and white of the sky.

Mr. Bell, who had pulled his soft hat over his eyes, scanned the horizon after the manner of an experienced seaman. He said if they had had the day made to order it could not have been more perfect. When the trim little boat was finally under way, they found the breeze sharp, in spite of the dazzling sunshine. Parsons appeared laden with rugs and furs, in which Mrs. Grey and Mrs. Bell were shortly enveloped comfortably in a sheltered nook in the stern. Jack lingered with them, sitting on a coil of huge rope. Helen was walking the deck with Mr. Bell, and presently the Captain joined them.

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"How graceful Miss Strong is," said Jack to Mrs. Grey with frank enthusiasm. He wanted to talk about her. Indeed, if he could not talk about her, he did not care to talk. He wondered if Mrs. Grey meant to be unamiable as she replied, "Strangers always say so." He rebelled at being thus unsatisfactorily classified. "Beautiful as she is," went on Mrs. Grey, "I have never heard her called anything but graceful. She is surprisingly so. She always says and always does exactly the right thing, and her manner of doing it is perfect."

"Her greatest charm to me," said Mrs. Bell, taking up the theme to Jack's delight, "is her entire naturalness. She is so unconscious of the effect her extreme beauty produces. Her simplicity is sometimes mistaken for hauteur. She is as gay as a child, and as irresistible. We are apt to find ourselves praising her," she added, with an air of apology; "she has been with us since we came abroad, five years ago."

"You could not praise her too much," said Jack warmly. Mrs. Bell scrutinized him with an unwelcome sense of discovery, as he watched Helen, who came toward them now, her cheeks glowing, her hair slightly roughened by the wind. Her eyes were like stars, and her face was so radiant, they all smiled involuntarily, from pure sympathy with her abounding life and joy.

"Isn't it glorious?" she cried. "How can you make mummies of yourselves in this fashion? This air is buoyancy itself. I am sure I could walk on the water!"

"Let me beg of you not to try," said Jack. "Consider me. Etiquette would appoint me your escort, and I must say I should with reluctance follow you. Let us walk the deck instead. It will really be pleasanter."

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They went away together, his tall, fine figure a fitting match from her slim height. When an intervening smokestack had hidden them from view, Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Grey turned to each other in expressive silence. Each read conviction in the other's eyes.

"I wonder if Helen,——" suggested Mrs. Bell, hoping to be rebuked for her audacity. But to her consternation Mrs. Grey replied:

"Yes, Helen—has," and then added decisively. "Last night." Then after an interval she said, "I am quite sure."

The two ladies sat awhile in complete silence, their novels and periodicals unheeded upon their laps.

"It's a great responsibility," sighed Mrs. Bell, at length, "a tremendous responsibility! I don't wonder that Mr. Strong was willing to be relieved of it for awhile. Not that he is, though," she said a moment later, aghast with the sudden realization of his burden. "He is responsible for us and our influence upon her! He has no way out of it!"

"No," said Mrs. Grey grimly. "Children must be very—heavy," said Mrs. Bell somewhat lamely.

"Very," assented Mrs. Grey.

Presently Mrs. Bell suggested hopefully that they might be letting imagination run away with them. "We must not allow ourselves to grow suspicious," she said "though I will admit our experience in the last five years would lead us to be. But there can't be anything—yet. It's absurd, impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible," said Mrs. Grey, with the air of one who has seen miracles. "And as for the absurd, I always expect it. I find that is the best plan. I do not think I flatter myself when I say that in my capacity as chaperone nothing—nothing could surprise me. I am hardened."

"I had hoped we would have a short season of peace after that last episode," said Mrs. Bell. "How many young men there seem to be! It is odd, and unpleasant—that they all want to marry Helen."

Mrs. Grey acquiesced silently.

"I don't know exactly why I think so, but this time it struck me that Helen——," she broke off. The fleeting expressions of the girl's innocent, transparent eyes, the tones of her sweet young voice, were not to be discussed as coolly as the colors of a painting or the shades of a sunset sky. Mrs. Bell understood.

"Come," she said impatiently, "let us not disturb ourselves. Let us fall back upon the comfortable cushioned doctrine of the fatalist: 'What will be, will be, praise be to Allah.'" Later she laid her hand on her cousin's arm and said impressively. "Say nothing of this to Samuel. Remember."

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Mrs. Grey shrugged her shoulders, the only French phrase she had at her disposal.

"Samuel will speak of it to us," she retorted.

But for once she was mistaken. Mr. Bell had evidently noticed nothing.

One bright hour followed another with bewildering rapidity as the boat steamed on over the dancing water. After they left the locks behind, the sun began to send long, piercing rays from the west, tinting the sky as it sunk lower and lower. Jack and Helen stood up in the bow; her eyes were fixed upon the gorgeous colors chasing each other among the decoy clouds.

"I thought yesterday was perfect," Jack said, breaking a silence so eloquent that her face had flamed as she turned farther from him. "I did not know what perfection was—then. There were so many things I did not know. Indeed, I wonder now how I endured my empty, meaningless life—yesterday."

"What were you doing yesterday?" asked Helen hastily, ignoring the troublesome significance of his words and voice.

"I was standing just here, sailing up from Glasgow to Oban," he answered slowly.

Her eyes were lifted an instant in amazement, but fell quickly before the expressive smile in his. He had turned his back upon the glittering sunset, and stood facing her. In his face was an expression of tender intentness. There were a few observers. Jack had forgotten the other passengers.

"And you were coming toward Oban, that is, toward me," he went on. "All day long the hours were bringing us nearer and nearer to each other. I wish I had known. I wish I could have dreamed that I should be standing here with you to-night."

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She could not pretend to misunderstand him. He could see the color fade from her soft, round cheek. Her lips were trembling. She tried to smile and speak lightly, but her voice shook a little as she said:

"Would you really choose to know your future if you could? I am not so courageous."

"I am," he replied. The resolution of his tone struck her. "I am not only willing but anxious to know something of my future—something you alone can tell me."

She made a quick gesture of entreaty, and was turning from him, when he said quietly:

"No; you will not refuse to listen. Let me tell you what I want. I want you. I want you to make my future for me."

In spite of her trouble, the telltale dimple twinkled a moment.

"You are trying to shirk your responsibilities," she murmured demurely.

"No," he said audaciously, "I will assume yours. If you will make my future, I will make yours. Surely that is fair," he pleaded. His tone grew more serious. "Nothing could give me the courage to speak to you as I do but the conviction, deep-seated in my soul, that we were made for each other. Do you not feel it, know it, too? When the moment came, thousands of miles from home, we met. In the first instant I saw you I said to myself, 'If she could be my wife!' I have not been a man who saw in every attractive woman a possible *fiancée*. I have never loved before. I have never even known the meaning of the word. I am glad. I would have begrudged to any other woman the most infinitesimal part of my heart. It is all yours. How could I withhold from you your property? It would not be honest!"

"By what you say is impossible, preposterous," murmured Helen.

Her whole being was in arms against this sudden siege, and yet she was helplessly

perplexed and indignant—indignant at herself because his words did not displease her more. She must be very light, she told herself derisively. It seemed to her that to answer him at all, to recognize his impetuous appeal, was to accord him an advantage he would not be slow to take. His confidence was absurd, irritating. Why should he suppose—— She turned toward him, impatiently defying his coercive gaze.

"How did it occur to you to say such things to me?" she asked coldly. "You and I are strangers. You do not know even one of my characteristics, and I know only one of yours—your audacity."

"Don't be unkind," he begged gently. "It is not like you. You see I know you better than you think. I know you better than any one in the world knows you."

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She told herself there was something actually sublime in his assurance. She was curious to know what else he would say. But in her heart she knew that was not why she lingered, her eyes upturned to his.

"Love cannot be measured by time," he went on. "I could not love you more if I had known you always. Why do you put the conventional above the real? Why should I not tell you that I love you? Just because hours only instead of days, or weeks, or months, or years must measure the time in which my love has grown? Some one who has known you longer, and loves you much less, may protest his devotion and you do not question it. Why then do you doubt me? Ah, Helen, I know that you will love me!"

For a moment she had an overwhelming sense of unreality. It seemed to her that she understood him better than she understood herself. Her heart vibrated tumultuously, responsive to his imperious pleading.

"You must not say more, I cannot listen," she said irresolutely.

"I will not say another word—now," he answered. The reproach in her troubled face touched him.

"But you will not say you will never listen, Helen?" he pleaded. "We will forget what I have said to-day, or pretend to, which will serve the purpose." He made a pretense of gayety. Her eyes were full of tears. They turned to go.

"But I want to ask you one question," he said, hesitating. "I know I have no right, but—you have been so kind. Do not answer if you are not willing. I must know if—are you—is there—any one else?"

Helen's eyes met his fully. Her expression was more unkind than he had seen it, and her lips curled. Her answer filled him with despair, it showed him so clearly his offense. He wondered if she would ever forgive him. Her manner conveyed to him the idea that she was resolving to be patient with him, not because he deserved it, but because her dignity demanded it.

"Do you think I would have let you say what you have said, if there had been any one else?" she asked icily. Then as his unhappy eyes met hers, she added gently, "I am sure you know there is not."

She wondered why she had been so undignified as to tell him. It was presumptuous in him to have asked. She should have refused to answer him. Her dissatisfaction with herself was extreme.

When they joined the others she found that she did not speedily regain her self-possession. Her cheeks were burning, and her hands trembled as she fastened her furs up about her throat. Jack talked to Mr. Bell with an air of unconcern. She scorned her own emotion as she watched him. Perhaps he had been making an experiment, she thought, not without bitterness. She was glad to be convinced, upon reflection, that he had found her distinctly incredulous.

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She slipped her arm through Mrs. Bell's as they steamed slowly up the Clyde. Mr. Bell made ceaseless demands upon her attention, and she tried to listen to him with interest as he pointed out the great ocean steamers, standing like mammoth skeletons in the stocks, and the low green banks, almost even with the water's edge. She found that the wonderful harbor of Glasgow did not distract her attention. It seemed to her that all she heard was Jack's voice saying, "I know you better than you know yourself. I know that you will love me." She was almost silent, but he was incessantly lively. She watched him in clandestine fashion, with an interest that provoked her. His splendid physique, the completeness of his masculinity gave her a reluctant thrill of pride. Once when he looked toward her he met her glance, and his eyes responded with a flash of satisfaction that made her face tingle. Impatiently she forced herself to join in their gay talk, conscious always of his expressive eyes, though she ignored him with a success that amused him. It occurred to her that she was entertaining him. She could not understand how he had succeeded in making her so uncomfortable. The sensation was novel and not pleasant. She disliked him thoroughly. His assurance was amazing. His voice rang in her unwilling ears. "I know that you will love me."

When he came into Mrs. Bell's cozy little parlor that evening after dinner, Helen was not there. Mrs. Grey explained, with an inscrutable expression that did not escape Jack, that a day on the water sometimes gave Helen a headache. She fancied it came from her eyes, perhaps. "A long sleep is all she needs. Common-sense is my physician," she said, with the air of having a monopoly.

"Your physician certainly seems to have been successful," said Jack. "I have no doubt Miss Strong's recovery will be immediate. I am sorry not to see her again. I go down to London by an early train."

Mrs. Bell gave Mrs. Grey a glance that said a number of things, as Jack turned to speak to Mr. Bell. Mrs. Grey detected an irritating reference to her cousin's superior judgment, which did not, however, confuse her. She did not begrudge Mrs. Bell the pleasure of saying "I told you so," especially as Jack's announcement simply strengthened her suspicions. She was too well used to the tactics of the tender war of courtship to be misled by sudden march or countermarch.

"What is there about him that is so—compelling?" she said to herself presently, when he and Mr. Bell had gone away together arm in arm. "He has bewitched us all." Mrs. Bell tempered her exultation with consideration; she did not wish to appear unduly elated, though secretly she was not a little gratified to find herself in the right and her shrewd cousin so evidently wrong. This was rather a reversal of their ordinary positions, and she enjoyed the novelty. She could not, therefore, refrain from saying, "This will be a lesson to us. The next time a young man happens to look at Helen once or twice we will not immediately assume that he is in love with her. Imagine Mr. Callam's disgust if he knew of our suspicions. I am really mortified."

"Don't let it worry you," said Mrs. Grey, suppressing a more sarcastic rejoinder.

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When they went to say good-night to Helen they found her sitting by the fire, her gown of pale woolen cloth falling in straight folds about her pliant figure, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright with excitement. The room was filled with the fragrance of roses, and she held a great red bud with a long stem in her hand. "I am receiving the honors of an invalid under false pretenses," she said, laughing. "Look at the superb roses Mr. Callam has sent me."

"He was so sorry not to see you again," said Mrs. Bell, as she leaned over the flowers, drinking in their fragrance. "Samuel said he thought his business in London might be deferred at least a day or two, but Mr. Callam was inexorable. Samuel is disconsolate."

Mrs. Grey was watching the light and color die out of the girl's face in dismay. Her shrewdness was gratified at the expense of her comfort. She envied Mrs. Bell her unsuspecting serenity, and thought that, after all, the responsibilities of a clever person were, perhaps, irksome. There were times when it might be preferable to be stupid.

Sometimes, during the crowded days that followed, Helen wondered if she had dreamed that she stood on a boat one evening, between daylight and dark, gliding swiftly along on smooth, tinted water, with a tall figure by her side, a face near hers, dark eyes searching her own, and a deep, pleading voice in her ears. It was a vivid dream; an imperative dream. She could not forget it. At times it seemed that she could remember nothing else. But when she tried to recall with exactness the expression of his face, the tenderness of his brown eyes, they eluded her.

She could recollect every word he said, although she told herself she did not care to understand him. She asked herself repeatedly why he had spoken, and why, after he had spoken, he had gone away so suddenly. She was conscious of an immense satisfaction in remembering her own share in the remarkable dialogue they had had; in her dream she liked to assure herself that she had succeeded in impressing upon him the realization of her entire indifference. It was the only thing he could have done. It was a romantic episode. She was glad it had been brief. The others had evidently forgotten him already. His name had not been mentioned since they left Glasgow. Their very silence spoke of him to her, but she could not bring herself to break it. She had grown curiously listless. She had told herself she was homesick so often, she had almost come to believe it. They were all a trifle dispirited. They said it was the result of too much sight-seeing. In undertaking to show Ireland to Helen in the weeks at their disposal before they sailed, some reminiscent enthusiasm had been disclosed, which they welcomed with amusement, contrasting it, in faint apology, with the apathy they had of late found more comfortable.

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Mrs. Grey watched Helen with concern. When she scolded herself for imagining that there was any reason to associate the girl's languor and restlessness with that attractive fellow-voyager of theirs from Oban to Glasgow, she would see again in remembrance the expression of his eyes as they rested with eloquent content on Helen's face. And again would come before her, in mute sustainment of her theory, the pitiful surprise in Helen's face the night he went away. The sparkle had not come back to her eyes since, nor the old irrepressible smile to her lips. At the end of every unsatisfactorily obscure soliloquy, Mrs. Grey said determinedly, "There was something!" But what, she was not exactly prepared to say.

They came down the river from Cork to Queenstown the morning of the day they were to sail. Mr. Bell was perceptibly preoccupied. It struck them that excitement had made considerable inroad upon his usual imperturbability. Mrs. Bell asked him if he had had unwelcome business letters, but he told her that on the contrary he was about to close successfully one of the most profitable schemes with which he had ever been connected. "And the most interesting," he added. "It is pure philanthropy." He went away smiling quizzically.

They did not sail until four o'clock. Helen said she would climb up the steep street to the queer old Cathedral and say a prayer for each of them before the altar of some saint. She had been gone about five minutes, and the swarm of beggars had settled again upon the steps, blessing her as the "Beautiful angel," "Sister of the Virgin and all the saints," when Mr. Bell walked into the parlor where his wife and Mrs. Grey were still sitting. Triumph was not unmixed with embarrassment as he led Mr. Callam up to them. The latter wore a more successful smile, though it was evident that he confronted the bewilderment of the ladies with some little effort. It did not occur to them to mitigate the severity of their astonishment.

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"Please compromise with your surprise," he begged gayly, as he reached them. "Your amazement is disheartening. It seems to demand a reason for my presence. I don't know I have one—yet."

"We are glad to see you," said Mrs. Bell, politeness tardily victorious. "But who would have thought of seeing you here. Why are you not over on the Continent?"

"Can you not sharpen the point of your inquiry, Esther?" said Mrs. Grey ironically. "Don't specify, Mr. Callam. We are more clever than we look."

Jack laughed. "There is a charming reason," he said, turning to Mrs. Bell, "but I have not yet the right to call it mine."

"Oh!" she exclaimed helplessly.

"Miss Strong has gone up to the Cathedral," announced Mrs. Grey in a most matter-of-fact way. She turned to the window, but the glass seemed blurred—she could not see out.

"I shall follow her," said Jack simply. He held out a hand to each of the ladies. "Wish me success," he said earnestly. "I know I don't deserve it, but I will live only to be worthy of her."

When he had gone Mr. Bell underwent a rigid investigation. He bore it with equanimity, explaining his share in the "conspiracy"—as the ladies irately termed it.

"It strikes me as an incomprehensibly undignified proceeding," said Mrs. Grey. "Why could not Mr. Callam have waited until we were at home, and gone about it in the ordinary fashion? But I rely on Helen. She will not decide anything now."

"No doubt," said Mr. Bell dryly.

"But how was it all?" demanded his wife, finding her curiosity stronger than her dignity. "Did he propose to you first? He seems to be quite discreet."

"Very un-American," said Mrs. Grey.

"He proposed to Helen on the boat coming down from Oban," announced Mr. Bell.

Then there was no denying the fact that he found the situation enjoyable. The ladies found it extremely exasperating.

"I knew there was something," murmured Mrs. Grey triumphantly.

"She would not listen," went on Mr. Bell. "She was too confused by his sudden, and as he admits, vehement appeal. But the interview did not leave him entirely hopeless. He got the impression from something in her manner—the *je ne sais quoi* all lovers value—that she might some day relent. So he went away to wait awhile."

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"I should have thought he would have stayed with her and let her learn to know him," said Mrs. Bell. "His methods are certainly unique."

"He is unique," said Mr. Bell, with enthusiasm. "He understands his case. You will see. I have been watching Helen. Three weeks ago I would have said there was no such thing as love at first sight. I know better now. I have seen it."

"Well, of all the deceitful men!" gasped Mrs. Grey. "Samuel Bell, my confidence in you is completely undermined!"

"When did he tell you this?" asked his wife coldly.

"Before he left Glasgow," said Mr. Bell.

There was an impressive silence.

"You will have to bear all the responsibility," said Mrs. Grey finally.

"I am anxious to," said Mr. Bell cheerfully.

"Kate and I can wash our hands of the whole matter," said Mrs. Bell.

"Yes, I should think you might," he rejoined, not without sarcasm.

"You must tell Mr. Strong," said Mrs. Grey. "I cannot."

"I have," he said coolly. "I wrote him from Glasgow. I gave him a succinct statement of facts, probabilities and desirabilities. Jack wrote him also. We also sent details to Mr. Callam, senior. Oh, this affair has been well managed," he continued serenely, "though we have not had the benefit of outside advice. I fancy there will be no strenuous opposition on either side. They will make a fine couple. To tell the whole truth," he added, "I did not want either of them to be wasted on any one else, if I could help it."

"How indispensable to Providence your assistance must be," said Mrs. Grey scornfully.

"I hope so," he answered.

"Samuel," began his wife severely.

"Yes, dear," he said, as she hesitated. "Don't try to express yourself. It would be too much for you. Let this be a lesson to you and Kate. When you think I don't see anything, try and realize that I see everything. All men are so." Presently he said, chuckling: "I don't wonder you women enjoy matchmaking. I find it hugely agreeable."

"I never made a match in my life!" cried Mrs. Grey indignantly.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Bell with equal spirit.

"No?" he answered, politely incredulous. "Then let me recommend it. You don't know how much pure joy you have missed."

Helen was sitting on one of the stiff, narrow benches in a dim corner of the musty old Cathedral when Jack finally discovered her after a pilgrimage through the shadows. When he softly spoke her name, she was not conscious of any surprise. In that first moment of satisfied fulfillment it seemed to her that she had been waiting for him, even expecting him to come.

"I thought"—she stopped.

Perhaps she felt her eyes were doing duty for her lips. They were. He took both her hands in his and drew her close.

"Well," he said, as she did not speak.

He watched the color come and go in her sweet, pale face. No after-moment of his life could compare with this, he thought, trying to realize his happiness.

"Then, if you will not tell me what you thought," he whispered with triumphant tenderness, "I will tell you what I thought. I thought—you would be glad to see me."

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When he told her that he had arranged to sail with her in case she gave him her permission, her look told him all he had not yet coaxed her to say.

"You are a most presuming person," she said, her happy eyes approving while her lips rebuked. "You ought to have been sent away disconsolate, just for mere principle."

"Oh, this is much nicer," he said lightly, "and, besides, I would have come again."

She said she thought he ought not give up the course of study and travel abroad he had planned. She made a faint protest against such a sacrifice for her sake.

He succeeded, after some argument, in convincing her that it would be at a sacrifice of his happiness if he went on with it.

Suddenly the deep silence was broken by a glorious burst of melody that seemed to fairly envelop them. Far down among the deeper shadows of the choir a young monk, with the face of an angel, sat before the organ, the flickering light from the candelabra shining on his sad, sensitive mouth, white forehead, and upturned, dreamy eyes.

Jack put his arm around Helen in the protecting gloom. The music fell on their ears like a benediction—a forecast to them of the harmony of their new life, which should ever be without a break or discord.

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Dolby's Reminiscences of Dickens.—George Dolby, who was manager for Charles Dickens on one of his reading tours in this country, is still living, and the London correspondent of the Chicago Record reports at length some of Dolby's reminiscences. Among other things the quondam manager says: "He was the kindest-hearted man I ever have known. Many and many a time while on tour we came across old associates of his who were down on their luck. Dickens would say to me, after the reading: 'Joey, let me have $100 in crisp, new bank-notes, and I want to be alone to-morrow from 12 till 2.' I knew what this meant. He had invited his old friends to call upon him at this hour, and such friends didn't go away poorer.

Dickens was fond of reading his own books. Once at Liverpool, where we had an off night, I was obliged to leave him to himself for an evening. He asked me to call at a bookseller's and send him something to read. I asked him what he would like and he replied: 'Anything of Sir Walter Scott's or my own.' I purchased 'Old Curiosity Shop,' and took it to him myself, whereat he was delighted, saying he had not read the book for years. I was curious to see the effect of his own work on him, and upon my return from a short errand I was amazed to find him laughing immoderately at certain incidents in the book. He explained, however, that he was not laughing at his own creations as much as at the recollections of the circumstances under which the passages had been written."

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Gladstone's Impromptu Speeches.—An English writer declares that undoubtedly the finest memory possessed by any living man to-day is Mr. Gladstone's. Many of his best speeches in the House of Commons, bristling with quotations, together with dates and figures, have been made on the spur of the moment, when reference to records was impossible. Despite his years, Gladstone can still recite any page of his Homer, if given the number and the first word.

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Furnishing Labor for Every One

IT HAS frequently been suggested that colonization of the surplus labor of the North and East on the rich farm lands of the South would solve, for this generation, at least, the problems arising out of the general introduction of swift mechanical appliances in place of slow and uncertain hand work, says the Philadelphia Record. The laborer is being crowded out by the machine, and he must go elsewhere. Should he seek other fields of effort and enterprise, involving no material change in his conditions of employment, as in a general colonization scheme? Or, should society undertake in his behalf a readjustment of vocations by means of which work might be provided in a higher order of employment?

In a thoughtful discussion of these questions in the current issue of the Forum, Commissioner Harris, Chief of the Federal Bureau of Education, has presented an interesting and suggestive array of facts and figures, designed to illustrate and demonstrate the methods by which, in a highly civilized community, the surplus labor set free from time to time by the introduction of labor-saving machinery is rendered useful in a higer order of occupations. As fast as the supply of the lower order of wants can be effected by means of machinery, large numbers press upward into vocations which have to deal with intercommunication, the diffusion of science and æsthetic culture, and the refinement of taste. Those who labor in this higher field constantly increase in larger proportion than the normal percentage of increase in population—fifty per cent. in the last twenty years, according to Commissioner Harris' data.

With such a solution of the problem of work for all in view, the transfer of bodies of laborers from one section of the country to another would appear as a mere incident of our social and industrial development. As Mr. Harris observes, no matter to what extent machinery might conquer drudgery, those thus released would find ample employment in providing means for luxury, protection and culture in our complex communities. This is an encouraging theory of human progress, at all events; and not entirely repugnant to the lessons of our social advancement and highest industrial progress.

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American View of Privateering

MANY references have appeared in the newspaper press of late regarding the destruction of our commerce by Spanish privateers during the progress of hostilities with Spain. There will be comparatively little chance for the employment of privateers. This country, together with Spain and Mexico, has reserved the right to issue letters of marque and reprisal. The Milwaukee Wisconsin gives a clear statement of the grounds on which the United States still refuses to denounce this style of warfare. The Wisconsin says:

By the declaration of Paris, in 1857, signed by England, France, Prussia, Austria and Russia, all privateering was abolished; but Spain, Mexico and the United States have not subscribed to the declaration of Paris, and neither of them is, therefore, legally bound to observe the agreement, although deference to enlightened public opinion would doubtless restrain them from adopting this reprehensible method of naval warfare if either should become involved in hostilities with another Power. Moreover, it might prove extremely dangerous for either Spanish or American privateers to make a prize of a vessel carrying neutral goods—such merchandise (not contraband of war) being exempt from capture, in accordance with the terms of the declaration of Paris, even when carried in the vessels of an enemy. If a private vessel licensed to commit piracy under Spanish authority, for instance, should capture an American coaster laden in part with British and French merchandise, and take the ship to Cadiz to be condemned and sold, Spain would doubtless be brought up with a sharp turn by Great Britain and France, and the commanders of British or French naval vessels, who should meet the venturesome privateer on the high seas, might not scruple to treat her letters of marque as a nullity and her crew as pirates worthy of no consideration.

The current opinion that any American doctrine favors privateering is erroneous. Jefferson, it is true, held privateers to be "cheap and effective weapons of offense," and he said that "nothing should be spared to encourage them." At the same time, when these principles were defended by Thomas Jefferson, this country was comparatively weak, having just emerged from a gigantic struggle with the greatest maritime Power of the world, and was soon to be involved in another naval war with England. Moreover, public opinion had not yet pronounced judgment of condemnation against licensed buccaneering. On the other hand, Franklin succeeded in embodying an article in the treaty of 1785 between the United States and Prussia, by which the contracting Powers agreed that neither would grant or issue a commission to "any private armed vessel" empowering the same to levy war on the commerce of the other. Secretary of State Marcy did not refuse to become a party to the declaration of Paris because he approved of privateering, but because the other signatory Powers refused to consent to the exemption from maritime capture of all private property (except contraband of war), whether belonging to an enemy or to a neutral Power.

The adoption of this principle would have made the prohibition of privateering unnecessary, because the exemption of all private property, including ships, from belligerent seizure would have left the licensed pirates nothing to prey upon. The position of the United States is thus in advance of the other Powers, and a Government which stands for the inviolability of private property at sea as well as on land could not without self-stultification license its citizens to loot peaceful merchantmen. No letters of marque were granted by the Government even in the heat of the Civil War, and none have been issued by any nation since 1856. Spain would not be likely to run counter to the general sense of the civilized world; and, while not technically obliged to refrain from employing privateers, she would probably hesitate to bring down on herself the ill-will of all the neutral Powers who possess maritime trade.

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Spain's Failures on the Sea

SPAIN'S prowess in sea fighting has scarcely been tested since Trafalgar, when the Spaniards hardly covered themselves with glory; indeed, it would be difficult to point to a single brilliant naval achievement in Spain's history since the battle of Lepanto, when, aided by the Venetians and Genoese, she annihilated the sea power of the Turks, says the Springfield Republican. The awful destruction of the Armada, of course, was one of the monumental disasters of all time, and during the long marine duel with the English after the event, down to the days of Horatio Nelson, the naval record of Spain was a record of humiliation and defeat. A curious reminder of the Spanish incompetence in naval warfare is given by the Army and Navy Journal, which recalls Spain's punitive expedition, as late as 1866, against Peru on account of the maltreatment of some Spanish subjects.

The squadron of seven vessels mounted twenty-seven guns, and to oppose it the Peruvians borrowed three craft from Chili—one a vessel carrying forty-two smoothbores, one a small one-gun monitor, and the third a diminutive Merrimac, carrying but two guns. The result of the engagement was the utter discomfiture of the attacking Spaniards. The Esmeralda, forty-two, captured a Spanish gunboat in twenty minutes without the loss of a man, whereupon the Spanish Admiral retired to his cabin and blew out his brains. His successor retired from action, and took his vengeance out of Chili by bombarding defenseless Valparaiso and causing a fire that destroyed ten million dollars' worth of property. In attacking Callao, however, the Spaniards were badly worsted, and their ships crawled back to Spain in a dilapidated condition. It is believed by experts that, to-day, the Spanish Navy is as highly deficient in gunnery as for two centuries past, and it is as true in modern war-ships as in the old wooden ones that, in action, all depends upon the man who is behind the gun.

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The Value of Public Libraries

THE point is made, by one of the essayists of the day, that people who may borrow books from a great collection not only lose the desire to own books, but that they fail to cultivate any real appreciation of literature; that the whole system discourages the finer senses of the book man, says the Chicago Times-Herald. And the claim is not without reason to support it. Very likely there are many patrons of the circulating library who read and forget, who find nothing but a means of pleasantly passing the time. And to this extent the benefit is small at the best.

But there is another side to the problem. Reports from Librarian Hild, of the Chicago Public Library, for instance, show that there is a constant increase in the demand for scientific works, and for those volumes which do not cater to the transient desire for "something to read." And people who, habitually, ask for biographies, for the essays of Emerson, and for the histories of their own and of other countries, are by no means reading to their injury. Of course, the ownership of books is on all accounts the better way. But there are thousands who cannot afford the better works. In the absence of a free circulating library they would not read at all, because they could not. And they are surely improved by the reading of even a borrowed volume.

It is easy for the essayist to inveigh against public libraries and to point out—from the seclusion of book-walled rooms—how much more desirable and profitable is ownership. But in a day when cheap novels are in less and less demand continually, and when the public libraries are being called on for a greater number of meritorious works, there is much reason for hope. The average of intelligence, of culture and of that broad education which comes of good reading is higher to-day for the circulating libraries than it possibly could have been without. And that is warrant enough for the system and apology enough for the expense.

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Our Lack of a National Hymn

THIS country is again engaged in war. It has gone into that war well equipped with men, vessels, money, materials and appliances of all kinds. It has everything it needs except a stirring National hymn. Why should it not have one?—asks the Chicago Tribune. Why should it not have something after the manner of the Marseillaise, or the Wacht am Rhein, or the Rakoczy March, which will set the blood a-tingling? At present this country has not a National air possessing either vigor or impressiveness. The words of the Star-Spangled Banner are inspiring, but the melody is heavy, dull, and sluggish. It lacks go and vim. Yankee Doodle is trivial and not original. Hail, Columbia, is about as inspiring as an old penny Royal psalm tune. The Battle Hymn of the Republic is excellent as to sentiment, but whenever it has been set to music it has been tame. The Red, White and Blue is meaningless. America is not American.

What is needed is not only a National anthem, but an American National anthem, reflecting all of the American spirit. My Maryland comes near the idea, but that is sectional, not National, and the same is true of Dixie, and Marching Through Georgia, and The Battle-Cry of Freedom, all of which approximate the form a National anthem should possess. It is a curious fact that only the Continental European nations, thus far, have produced inspiring National airs. Neither Great Britain nor the United States possesses them. Such melodies as they have produced are about as stirring as one of Watts' long-metre hymns. Where is the genius who will evolve an anthem worthy of this country? The Washington Post, discussing this subject, says: "We want music that the people can grasp, to which men may go down to battle in a flame of exaltation, which lifts us out of the sordid cares of every-day life and fills us with impulses of daring and nobility." This describes the general characteristics which such an anthem should possess. Is there not ability enough in the American musicians to produce such a composition—one which shall be purely and unquestionably American?

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Danger Side of Self-Sacrifice

CERTAIN people have a genius for martyrdom. They are never quite so happy as when they are sacrificing themselves for some one else, says the Watchman. If they cannot assume the burdens of others, they perform their own in such a toilsome way that they bear upon their countenances and spirits the stress of arduous effort. It is sometimes said that promiscuous charity does more harm than good; certainly it is true that these people who are always ready to take up others' burdens, without much discrimination as to the wisdom of their course, ignorantly do much evil.

When a mother has this spirit you will see her sparing her daughter from the labor and care which are greatly needed for the young girl's proper development. Or you will see the father imposed upon by his sons, who escape the drudgery that would be good for them by adding to his burdens. In almost every committee or organization you will find one or two who do all the work. In the largest churches the bulk of the work is done by a handful of people. Self-sacrifice and burden-bearing are to be commended, but we ought not to relieve others of the wholesome discipline of life. That is to harm them. Self-sacrifice is such a good thing that one person in a family, or a few people in a given society, should not monopolize it. Its benefits should be more equally distributed; each person should take his full share.

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The Modern Side of Warfare

IT IS the prevailing opinion nowadays, it is true, that nothing is to be relied upon in naval war but huge battle-ships, which take from two to three or four years to build, says the Review of Reviews. But if a great war were forced upon us suddenly it is altogether probable that American ingenuity would devise something wholly new in the way of a marine engine of war, just as American ingenuity improvised the first modern ironclads. We have already in our Navy a dynamite cruiser, the Vesuvius, which in actual warfare might prove more dangerous than half a dozen of the greatest battle-ships now possessed by European Navies.

There has just been completed, moreover, and offered to our Government, a submarine boat, the Holland, which seems to be capable of moving rapidly for several miles so completely submerged as to offer no target for an enemy, and it may well be that the torpedoes discharged from an insignificant little vessel, capable of swimming below the surface like a fish, might prove as fatal to the battle-ships of an enemy as the alleged mine in the harbor of Havana was fatal to our battle-ship, the Maine.

Nowadays warfare is largely a matter of science and invention, and, since a country where the arts of peace flourish and prosper is most favorable to the general advance of science and invention, we stumble upon the paradox that the successful pursuit of peace is, after all, the best preparation for war. Another way to put it is to say that modern warfare has become a matter of machinery, and that the most highly developed mechanical and industrial nation will, by virtue of such development, be most formidable in war.

This is a situation that the Spaniards in general are evidently quite unable to comprehend. Their ideas are altogether mediæval. They believe themselves to be a highly chivalrous and militant people, and that the people of the United States are really in great terror of Spanish prowess. They think that Spain could make as easy work of invading the United States as Japan made of invading China. Their point of view is altogether theatrical and unrelated to modern facts.

A country like ours, capable of supplying the whole world with electrical motors, mining machinery, locomotive engines, steel rails and the structural material for modern steel bridges and "sky scrapers," not to mention bicycles and sewing machines, is equally capable of building, arming and operating an unlimited number of ships of every type, and of employing every conceivable mechanical device for purposes of National defense. In the long run, therefore, even if our preliminary preparations had been of the scantiest character, we should be able to give a good account of ourselves in even a lengthy or protracted warfare.

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McKinley and the Powers

THE history of civilized nations does not contain the description of a scene as remarkable, interesting and spectacular as that which was displayed recently at the White House, in Washington, says the Chicago Chronicle. It never before occurred that the official representatives of all the greatest nations on the earth met, in a formal manner, to discuss a question of peace or war—an appeal on one side for peace and a solemn protest on the other side that, while peace is in the highest degree desirable, a condition that has become insufferable cannot be permitted longer to exist.

The Ambassadors of the European Powers who called upon President McKinley, in the interest of peace for Spain, representing Great Britain, Austria-Hungary, Germany, Italy and Russia—five Empires and Kingdoms, covering nearly the entire Continent of Europe—spoke in the name of two hundred and eighty-seven million people, who are subjects of Powers having armies of two million one hundred and forty-five thousand men on a peace footing, and thirteen million men on a war footing. The Navies of these Powers include an aggregate of over two thousand war-vessels, armed with about forty thousand cannon of the greatest calibre and the most destructive capacity. These Ambassadors entered a parlor in the White House as quietly as a board of trustees enter their meeting-room. They carried the weight of great responsibilities, speaking for the civilization of Europe. They made an appeal appropriate in its weight and solemnity to the occasion of their visit. There was no suggestion of menace. What they said was like what one neighbor might say to another, in a friendly and opportune way, to reconcile the quarrels of an excited community and apply the healing balm of peace to minds in hostility with each other.

If this interview had occurred at a European Court—but no European Court ever saw such an interview—a scene of unexampled splendor would have been presented. Much money would have been spent in many ways. The military display, embleming monarchical power, would have been magnificent. The envoys of Sovereigns would have appeared in gorgeous uniforms, with attendants of the most elaborate school in diplomacy. It would have been a gala day of nations. Empires would have hung on the report of the words to be uttered. Continents would have awaited in anxiety the results of the event. This quiet interview at the White House was of as great import in the history of nations as if it had been held at one of the most magnificent Courts of Europe. A decaying European dynasty is in the last throes for existence. There is danger that if it should fall other thrones might not be secure. The magnitude of the importance of this remarkable interview cannot be overestimated. Yet it was as quiet as the sea in a calm. It is just to say that President McKinley met the occasion as it required; he bore himself as well as any representative of imperial power, and his reply was a fit expression of the real sentiments of the American people, and they approve of it.

Havana as It Is and Was

CHANGES THAT WAR HAS BROUGHT THE CITY

HAVANA, the capital of Cuba, is known wherever the fame of cities has reached, and is deserving of its fame, too, for, like all great cities of industry and art, it is unique, says the Chicago Times-Herald. Cuba's capital is coeval with the Mediterranese conquest of the Western Hemisphere. The name of the city is characteristic of the religious Latin races, for when Diego de Velasquez laid its foundations, in 1515, he christened it San Cristobal de la Habana—St. Christopher of the haven or harbor—in honor of Columbus, the discoverer of the island. This name, bestowed upon the city by the conqueror of the island, has remained unchanged, and it is still officially so called. But its popular name has been shortened to Habana in Spanish and Havana in other tongues.

Havana is vastly interesting at any time, but its importance rises to the highest degree at present, and this is true especially for Americans who are now face to face with the question: What defense can Havana make against a fleet of Yankee war-ships sent thither to dislodge the Empire of Spain? Fortunately we are in a position to answer this question with supreme satisfaction to ourselves. Havana is situated on the west side of the bay of its own name—one of the most beautiful bodies of water of its kind to be found anywhere. The city stands on a sort of peninsula, that is formed on one side by the waters of the bay and on the other by those of the gulf.

In olden times it was one of the strongest of the places of the civilized world. When ships-of-war were of wood and carried a few guns, whose bullets were repelled by granite masonry, Havana was impregnable. But the "oak leviathans" and the "rock-built cities" of Lord Byron are now historical.

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The war with the insurgents has made but small difference to Havana. An American traveler, who recently visited the city, says that the only difference the war has made is the presence of a larger number of soldiers than ever. But on Sunday Havana is as active and buoyant as it ever was.

Sunday is Havana's holiday. There are no bull-fights going on now, as the people are too poor from the war to support them. But there are other amusements, so that Sunday maintains a violent contrast with the rest of the week. Every store, nearly, is open. The newspapers are published in editions throughout the day. The cafés are filled from morning till night. The one theatre, which has not succumbed to the depression puts on the best operas and sells every seat. It is a day to entertain and pay calls, and to spend hours in the parks.

As for the churches, thousands of women religiously attend. In Cuba the church and her children are a woman's life. She soon loses her husband as her companion in the home. She does not read. She has her little circle of friends like herself, and some day dies. But she has been faithful to the church, and the most striking thing about a service in the great cathedral is the presence of the women of Havana and the absence of the men. It is said here that most men go to church but three times in their lives—when baptized, when about to be married, and when dead.

The cathedral is really one of the finest edifices of Havana. It is built to last for ages. In it are the remains of Christopher Columbus—that is, the tomb is there. It is also duly authenticated that the remains are there, too, but even Spaniards nod doubtfully when asked, "Is it true?"

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All the storekeepers are courteous and unobtrusive. They are so polite that one feels as if he were rudely trespassing in entering their stores to purchase. Money is generally plentiful in Havana, and as there is not a savings bank in the island, and Cubans are born spendthrifts, it is striking to note the general excellence of everything offered for sale. American goods are the favorite. French and German wares are popular, but everything is of the highest grade, and a native or Spaniard will never buy anything but the best.

Yet, if it were not for Spanish poverty and decline, Havana, to-day, might have been as relatively strong as when it drove the fierce Sir Francis Drake away from its coasts. The fact is, that the Spaniards have not kept step with the march of progress. The insanity of attempting to defend Havana with the same implements and methods of warfare that were successful three centuries ago is in perfect keeping with Spain's anachronism in civilization.

Within the past two years Spain has squandered vast sums on what it considers the strengthening of Havana's fortifications, but in spite of all that the town is in no position to repel any serious attack by land or sea. The most widely known of all of Havana's forts is the celebrated Morro Castle. In an antiquarian way this renowned redoubt is a marvel. A century or more ago its tremendous bastilions, bristling with the heaviest and deadliest artillery of the age, bade defiance to all the navies of the world. To-day the once terrible Morro is used as a prison. The castle has no arms except a few obsolete cannon, totally harmless except to those who would attempt to use them. Obsolete as a fortress, Morro serves an excellent purpose as a base for a useful lighthouse that towers above the seaward height of the castle.

Morro is the first sight that greets the incomer through the bay. It has been well called a huge, hollow mockery. The storms of a century have beaten against it, and the Spaniard has perpetually painted its walls. The result is that it presents a picture as savage in color as it is possible to imagine. All the colors of the spectrum are flung together without the remotest attempt at harmony. It is a resplendent object, and prepares the visitor for the inscrutable heterogeneity of color he is later to see in all the houses of the city itself.

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On the eastern shore of the harbor rise the walls of the stupendous fortress known as La Cabana. They run from the southern sally-port of the Morro to the village of Casa Blanca in an unbroken palisade of gray and white stone, enlivened here and there with spatters of brilliant red. The Cabana is nothing now but a prison. It is not even the rudiment of a fort, like the Morro. It originally mounted hundreds of terrible guns. To-day it has naught but a saluting battery and five small rifles. What artillery power this obsolete fort can command may be judged from the fact that its officers were only able, after superhuman efforts, to return the National salute of twenty-one guns made by the Maine. Then the Spaniards could return but nineteen straggling shots.

The modern war works of Havana are well known to the War Department of the United States. The most efficient of these is the Playa del Chivo sand battery. This is built on the sea-coast proper, nearly east of the Morro. An American naval expert, who recently examined this work, pronounced it the only construction in Havana in which the least glimmer of embellishment had been shown. There are mounted two fine twelve-inch Krupp rifles. But these guns have no protection whatever, save that which is given them by the long but low parapet of sand. Half a mile farther on is another battery similar to this, but which is yet unfinished. This battery mounts four eight-inch guns and a few small mortars.

To the west of the harbor extends a long chain of batteries which runs from La Punta along the shore to the mouth of the Almendares River, at which there is another sheltered landing-place. This has no protection other than the ancient Castle of Carmelo, which was erected in 1509. Other works are the Reina battery, armed with obsolete ordnance; the Santa Clara battery, with two ten-inch Krupp guns, and a few insignificant works that are inefficient.

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So much for the military Havana. In times of peace a much more interesting matter is social Havana. The town is not Spanish, it is not Oriental, it is not European, nor does it at all resemble anything in the United States. It is Cuban. The bay, ordinarily, is one of the most vividly beautiful sights to be seen anywhere. Humboldt's description of the approaches to Havana fails to do it justice, and that distinguished traveler admits that the picture is indescribable. Cuba and Havana have ways and wards that are all their own.

Havana is a mystery to the European and the American. The question, "Why do you this and do you that?" is always answered with, "We have always done so; what else would you have us do?" Why the farmers use a crooked stick to plow with, why ladies sit in their carriages while the dry-goods clerks bring out rolls of cloth for them to inspect; why dark women, and even black women, powder their faces until they look as if they had been daubed with flour; why houses are built to a line within two feet of the curbing, so that pedestrians cannot walk two abreast; why the houses are all painted in whatever vivid color pleases the owner most; why an unearthly clangor of bells drives sleep from the city at daybreak; why no one ever keeps an appointment (and never apologizes for the offense), are questions that Havanese and Cubans do not explain nor attempt to explain.

The almost equatorial sun beats down upon the streets with terrific heat during the day, and none but business people and "low people" are seen during the early and middle day. When the sun sinks, however, the lazy inhabitants turn out, and the life of the night is the lively life of Havana. Then the military band plays in the park, and the señoras and señoritas are seen, with the invariable mantilla, in all their glory.

Havana girls are seldom seen abroad with their sweethearts, and the crowds in the park are very decorous. Courtship is not long drawn out, and flirtations are few. Havana has a population of about 230,000. The city has not been very businesslike under Spanish rule. Most of the men are worthless and dissipated. They lounge in cafés, and look only to pleasure such as the Spaniard delights in—gambling, cock-fighting, bull-baiting. No thought of the morrow is taken, and the result is that a more improvident population can be found nowhere.

A visitor experiences great difficulty in purchasing anything characteristically Cuban in the stores, but that is because Cuba produces only two things, sugar and tobacco, and buys everything she uses—even buys back her sugar, refined. The easiest thing to buy is cigars, and they cost astonishingly less than in the States. There is an experience in buying them, because the great cigar factories of Havana, producing brands that are known to smokers all over the world, are interesting institutions.

The Cuban house of the better class is of the ordinary, typical construction. It is enormously heavy, built of adobe or soft stone, to withstand earthquakes and to resist heat. The rooms are enormous, with ceiling from fifteen to twenty or twenty-five feet high, all floors, even in the bedrooms, being of stone, and the windows covered with great iron bars. These windows have a grewsome suggestiveness of cells, dispelled only by the artful glance or laughter of the women who stand peering out, or recline languidly on swaying hammocks or rockers within.

They are the courting-places of the youth of the island, and are, curiously enough, preferred, because the whispered confidences there are free from the presence of parent, aunt or guardian, which is inevitable when the young couple meet within the house. The young man, standing outside the bars day after day, is known to every neighbor and passer-by as the señorita's sweetheart.

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Havana has many beautiful parks, squares and public places. The squares are all ornamented with royal palms, and here and there an orange or banana tree, and an Indian laurel. The Plaza de Armas, which fronts the palace of the Captain General, and the Parque de Isabella are capital examples of what may be done with the richness and fertility of the soil and the gorgeous climate. Havana's restaurants are innumerable, and the equal of the very best public eating places in any of the great cities of Europe or America. Everybody takes his meals in the cafés. The food supply is superabundant and very cheap. One can live like a Sybarite on the most modest of incomes. No city in the world is furnished with such an abundance and variety of foods as is Havana, with the possible exception of San Francisco. The earth and the sea give to its people all the best of their fruits. The great market of Havana is without an equal, surpassing, as it does, the famed French market of New Orleans.

This market covers an area equal to that of an American block, and it is all under a single roof. There are numberless booths in which are exposed for sale all the fruits of the tropics, sea fish, fresh-water fish, meats, game, leather goods, jewelry, and such curios as only a seaport visited by the commerce of the world can pick up. There are seen men, women and children of every nationality upon the earth. The wonder is how so small a city can gather to itself such a wide range of humanity showing all its varied phases.

Havana is full of all sorts of devices for enjoyment, much of which is by no means calculated to move men to thrift and industry. There are easy lounging-places, smoking and drinking cafés, and resorts catering to every desire of ease and indolence. These facts are seen in the jaded faces of the men, who seem to have money enough to satisfy their desire for lazy pleasures, if for no productive industries. The briefest possible time is given in the morning to business, and the rest of the day and the night is devoted to gayety.

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Surprising as Havana is in many respects, its most remarkable feature is the heterogeneity of the color of its houses. There is no contiguity of color in Havana. Every house takes on a hue that pleases its owner best, and no two neighbors seem to be of one mind. Thus a street will present an amazing variety of color. Some of the houses are painted a vivid green, some a no less vivid red, while others have fronts of sky-blue, yellow, pink, and every intermediate shade of color.

Havana has infinite charms as a place of residence. Its climate, its vegetation, the cheap rate at which one can buy all the delicacies of the table, the romance in the very air, the ease with which a little labor will yield a large return, the proximity of the sea, its middle distance between the invigorating North and the tropical countries of the Southern continent, the profusion of its fruits and flowers—all these things make it a most desirable place to live, and there is no doubt that thousands of Americans had been there long ago were it not for the blighting and repressing rule of Spain. Give Cuba her freedom, and American men and American capital will pour into the island, and Havana will make great industrial leaps forward.

Flowers in Florida Rivers

HOW HYACINTHS STOP NAVIGATION

FLOWERS generally are only beautiful, but even a beautiful thing, like the hyacinth, wrongly placed, may become a pest, and that is what the water hyacinth is called in Florida. It is a beautiful plant, but Floridians are looking about for some means to get rid of it. A writer in Harper's Weekly says that it is not actually known when or how this flower was first introduced into Florida, although statistics tell us that it was found in the St. Johns River about 1890, in a pond somewhere near Palatka.

The settlers tell us that in cleaning out this pond some of the plants were thrown into the river, they grew, and were so beautiful that settlers transplanted them to different parts of the river, to beautify their places, and thus the mistake was made.

The hyacinth is a native of South America, has a thick, bushy root, and floats on the top of the water without any apparent attachment to the bottom. If it could be kept near the shore no danger need be apprehended, but wind and storms send it floating out into the middle of the stream in such large masses that navigation is seriously impeded, and the captains of the river craft are beginning to look upon it with growing fear.

In going up the river on a steamboat the mass of the flowers in the water becomes so thick the steamers actually become stuck in it. Vessels going at full speed are brought to a complete standstill. The small stern-paddle boats can hardly push their way through the dense, tangled masses.

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These plants are capable of doing considerable damage in many ways other than that of endangering navigation. They propagate so quickly and grow so luxuriously that the narrow creeks running into the larger rivers are so thoroughly covered, from bank to bank, that boards can be laid across that would easily bear a person; so it is quite impossible to expect anything short of a dredging machine to penetrate them. One can also see how much danger may lie concealed under the dense mass. It imperils the health of the neighborhoods in which it grows so rank, being washed up on the bank, carrying with it the refuse that has been caught among its tangled mass, and, decaying, sends forth odors that are neither pleasant to inhale nor healthful to breathe.

Then, too, the hyacinth is destroying the timber industry, as it is impossible to float the logs, and it is menacing the livelihood of the fishermen, by preventing them from spreading their nets, as has been their custom in the past; and not only are the fishermen prevented from catching the fish, but the fish get under these large masses and multiply with marvelous rapidity. The fish, dying in large numbers, rise to the surface, and floating on the water, lodge among the other decaying matter on the banks, and constitute a dangerous menace to the health of that part of the country in which the hyacinth is getting to be so abundant.

The query is how to get rid of the pest. An agent from the Agricultural Department of the United States has been sent to Florida to ascertain, if possible, what can be done. Certain it is, something must be done or the rivers will soon be completely choked, navigation stopped entirely, and the water hyacinth will take its place as one of the worst plagues of modern times.

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This Florida flower-pest calls up, by association of ideas, the story of a forest of flowers, in Brazil, that prevent any one approaching them. The matter is commented upon in a recent issue of Collier's Weekly by Mr. Edgar Saltus, who found it in the narrative of a certain M. Serge Balaguine, a Russian explorer of Brazil, in the Paris Gaulois. The forest is situated a few degrees below the equator. Mr. Saltus says: "With every deference due to M. Balaguine, that forest seems to have been discovered before. Over two years ago there appeared in the San Francisco Examiner an account, provided by a bulb-hunter returning from the same region, who declared that after noticing in a forest an odor, vague and sweet at first, but which increased as he advanced, he ultimately reached a clearing, and there, straight ahead, was a wilderness of orchids.

"Trees were loaded with them, underbrush was covered with them, they trailed on the ground, mounted in beckoning contortions, dangled from branches, fell in sheets, and elongated and expanded as far as the eye could reach. A breeze passed, and they swayed with it, moving with a life of their own, dancing in the glare of the equatorial sun, and, as they danced, exhaling an odor that protected them more surely than a wall.

"In vain did the hunter endeavor to approach. There was a veil of perfumed chloroform through which he could see, but through which, try as he might, he could not pass. It held him back more effectually than bayonets, and it was torture to him to see those flowers and to feel that before he could reach them he must die, suffocated by the very splendors for which he was in search, poisoned by floral jewels such as no one, perhaps, had seen before. At the time the place was known as the village of the demon flowers, and shunned by all."—The Mirror.

Men and Women of the Time

CLOSE-RANGE STUDIES OF CONTEMPORARIES

Commander Wilde, the Katahdin's Captain Commander George F. F. Wilde, who has recently been given command of the ram Katahdin, has been in the Light House Service for the past eight years. When but a very young man he was given command of the dispatch boat Dolphin, and in her made a trip around the world. Although a cadet at the Naval Academy during the Civil War, he has subsequently done good service in the Navy. While serving on the U. S. S. Vandalia as executive officer, he twice received a letter of thanks from the Secretary of the Navy.

The Katahdin, which he now commands, is a vessel very peculiar in construction. She is shaped like an old-fashioned monitor, says Leslie's Weekly, and in action shows only twenty inches above the level of the sea. Her sides come to a steel-cutting edge, and her bow is horizontal instead of perpendicular. So solid is the ram that on coming in contact with the sides of a battle-ship she is able to cut through her larger antagonist's armor; but as a ship's armor is only five or six feet below the water, the ram, extending eight feet below, is enabled to strike a more vulnerable part, and slit the hull open like a paper-cutter would the page of a book. The Katahdin is the only vessel in the world with a horizontal beak and cutting edge. She carries two or three guns to keep off boarders, and her intended use, in case of an engagement, is to hover in the shadow of one of our battle-ships till an opportune moment arrives to slip out suddenly and run against the side of the enemy's vessel. The rapidity with which the ship is moving will be taken advantage of to add an impetus to the striking force of the ram, which is herself a slow-moving vessel. This collision feat of the Katahdin is evidently a very dangerous operation. At the moment of action, all hands will be ordered aft, to lie down on deck to lessen the shock sustained on board.

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Joseph Leiter, the Young Speculator Joseph Leiter, of Chicago, has made a great stir in the commercial world by his successful dealing in wheat stocks for nearly a year past. He is a picturesque young man, not much over thirty years old, says the New York World, and a graduate of Harvard. He was a prominent member of the famous Hasty Pudding Club in that great institution of learning. When he left college, his father, Levi Z. Leiter, the rich merchant of Chicago, gave him a million dollars and told him to go ahead and strike out for himself. The natural bent of his mind led him to the wheat pit of his native city. He paid very dear for his experience there; but before long he turned this dearly bought experience to good account. Before his million dollars entirely vanished he began to make money rapidly, and when he was ready to enter on his present remarkable campaign, his father placed upward of $30,000,000 at his disposal. So well has this young man succeeded in his object that one day recently he cleared $1,000,000 in half an hour by a sharp twist in the wheat pit. Many of the men who have attempted the very thing that young Leiter has have been ruined in the undertaking. Some of them have had vast fortunes swept away in a few weeks, or even days, for it is a gamble pure and simple, and the best gambler is the one who is sure to win in the end.

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President Krüger, the Picturesque Boer The rumor current recently that President Krüger had been assassinated was not more disturbing than it deserved to be, says the Commercial Advertiser. Though the century has seen greater statesmen, it has seen no one who comes nearer falsifying the saying that there is no such thing as a necessary man. To be interesting, a necessary man must be picturesque, must be what we call "a character." This President Krüger certainly is. People who did not know, until the last few days of 1896, that the Transvaal and the South African Republic were the same thing, now have a clear though incomplete idea of President Kruger. They see him as an old, odd-looking man, who wears a flagrant beard; likes to sit in his shirtsleeves when he receives a call from the representatives of foreign Powers; is devoted to his family, which he rules like a patriarch; reads nothing except newspapers, official documents and the Bible. They credit him with vast placid astuteness in his efforts to keep his country from falling under the wheels of progress.

President Kruger has had more blame than he deserves for his persistent struggle to keep the Transvaal out of the main current of modern life. The leader of a people with such a history could hardly have done otherwise. If he had done otherwise, he would probably have ceased to be a leader.

On the other hand, though President Kruger has deserved sympathy, and has not had quite so much as he deserved, he has been over-praised for his astuteness. He was confronted with a horde of Outlanders, eager to enter the Transvaal and to get its neglected gold. He had to choose between keeping them out and letting them in. If he had chosen, foreseeing the impossible situation which their presence has brought about, to keep them out, his position would at least have been intelligible.

Since he let them in, his task was to devise some compromise which would satisfy them, with the least possible damage to the individuality and independence of the Boers. Perhaps this was a task beyond human strength. It was certainly too hard for President Kruger. After letting the Outlanders in, he proceeded in a way certain to irritate them. He not only kept them out of the Government—which was wise—but he deprived them of things which they would have given themselves, such as an efficient police, if they had had a share in the Government. He also convinced them that they were paying nearly all the taxes. These were fatal mistakes. Thus, though President Kruger is undeniably astute, his astuteness has been shown in particular negotiations, and not in his whole policy.

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Estrada Palma, Head of the Cuban Junta An American who has been on terms of intimacy for years with Mr. T. Estrada Palma, the head of the Cuban Junta in New York City, tells us that few will ever know the sacrifices which this man has made for his beloved Pearl of the Antilles, says Leslie's Weekly. Mr. Palma lost a large fortune by confiscation, and spent seven years in a Spanish prison for participation in a former uprising in Cuba. He might have saved himself much if he had taken an oath, as others did, not to conspire or take up arms against Spain again, but he would not do it. He is a man of unusual intellectual attainments: speaks five languages fluently, and has rare executive abilities, as shown in his administration as Postmaster-General in Honduras, under President Bogran. After his release from a Spanish prison, Mr. Palma came to this country and opened a school for boys in Central Valley, Orange County, New York State, where he was meeting with marked success until he entered upon his present duties in New York. His family home is still at Central Valley, and there Mr. Palma spends the little time he has to spare from his arduous work. He has resolutely refused to receive a penny for his services. His business acumen and linguistic attainments, together with special opportunities he has had, would have enabled him to restore his fortune by this time had he so desired, but he has given up all for the cause of Cuban liberty, and is to-day so poor that he is barely able to give his family a comfortable living. He is most unassuming and unselfish; a genuine patriot, and a hero of the most heroic type.

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Novelist James Payn, Who was Always Natural James Payn was born at Cheltenham in 1830, and received his education at Eton, Woolwich Academy, and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1854. "As to the education itself," Mr. Payn observed on the latter part in after years, in his amusing and fascinating autobiographical Gleams of Memory, "it is best and shortest to say that I was incapable of profiting by it, and only 'just escaped from disgracing myself,' as the then Master of Trinity used to put it, by taking an ordinary degree. Indeed, if I were to sum up the advantages of a University education in a word," Mr. Payn added, "it would be its opportunities for making friendships. Unlike those of our school time, they have root and bear transplantation, and year by year they increase, though they cannot multiply." None the less, as an undergraduate, young Payn got into a very cultivated set at the University, with whom he soon acquired something of a reputation as author of a couple of volumes of poems.

In 1854 he began to write for the Westminster Review, and constantly contributed to Household Words until, in 1858, he succeeded Mr. Leitch Ritchie as editor of Chambers's Journal, for which magazine he wrote exclusively for many years. In Chambers's came out his first novel, A Family Shakespeare, and a few years afterward, Lost, Sir Massingberd, a story which is said to have raised the circulation of the Journal by nearly twenty thousand. Mr. Payn's novels became, afterward, very numerous, and his popularity a growing one, till he wrote By Proxy, in which he may be said to have taken a new departure.

Mr. Payn was once a publisher's reader, and he admits that he made mistakes, but had his successes also. He says: "Vice Versa was one of my successes. It had been refused by ever so many publishers before I had it. There's a delightful book! I never laughed so much in my life as I laughed over that. And John Inglesant was one of my failures. Yes; I refused John Inglesant—and then I forgot all about it!" Also, Mr. Payn was a reviewer of books for many years, in which capacity he had a strong opinion on the subject of signed critiques. "It's a mistake," he said. "The fashion seems to be going out, and I'm glad of it. The critic ought to be impersonal. You don't speak of a man, even when you praise him, exactly as you speak to him—it's impossible. And if you write a criticism of your friend's work and sign it with your name, you're speaking directly to him. It must influence your point of view. It's inevitable; it can't be helped." Mr. Payn prided himself upon the fact that he never wrote a bad notice of a book in his life, except in one case where he thought the book was immoral. "When I don't like a book I simply leave it alone. When I like it, I like to say so." Whist was Mr. Payn's only recreation. He seldom took a holiday for more than three days at a time.

Concerning his own character, Mr. Payn wrote, in his own whimsical way, "I am not idle—far from it; but I am indolent beyond belief; in my poorest days I would rather have given a man a shilling than have obliged him by crossing the road; trouble of all kinds is hateful to me; the details of business—even my own business—are intolerable; but let me have my own poor way and don't 'fash me' with matters of fashion and convention, and I am the most contented soul alive. To this apparently selfish attitude I believe I owe much of the happiness of my life; it has saved me from a hundred temptations; been the means of escape from many a gilded chain, and even caused many virtues to be attributed to me, such as modesty, which, as a matter of fact, I do not possess. I am afraid I have never experienced that sense of inferiority as regards any human being that is so wholesome, we are told, to entertain in the presence of our betters. And I have not found that my betters resented it. The fact is, there is nothing which persons of intelligence welcome so much (because it is so rare) as naturalness, and though in my case it may have arisen from a low motive—personal comfort—natural I have always been."

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Princess de Joinville, Dom Pedro's Sister The Princess de Joinville, who died after a brief illness in Paris the other day, was deeply loved and venerated for her charity and Christian virtues. Born on August 2, 1824, the Princess was already deep in her eighth decade. Francesca de Braganza was a Brazilian Princess, daughter of the Emperor Pedro I and sister of the late Emperor Dom Pedro II. Her mother was the Archduchess Leopoldine, daughter of the Austrian Emperor Francis I. The Princess Francesca was married to the Prince de Joinville, the sailor son of King Louis Philippe, of France, fifty-five years ago. The Prince first saw his bride in 1837, when, in course of a cruise in American waters, he touched at Rio. Six years passed before he saw her again. In the meantime he had been much pressed by his father and mother to get married, and he humorously relates how he and his brother, the Duc de Nemours, resisted these parental importunities.

In 1843, however, he began to think seriously of marriage himself, and thereupon his thoughts wandered to the pretty little Brazilian Princess with whom he had romped at Rio six years before. They were married at Rio de Janeiro in 1843.

When the revolution of 1848 broke out the Princess de Joinville was at Algiers with her husband. She quitted French soil with him and her brother-in-law, the Duc d'Aumale, and all took refuge in England. It was not until after the fall of the Empire, twenty-two years later, that the Princess was able to return to the sunny land in which the first few years of her married life had been gayly and happily spent in peaceful security.

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Captain Sigsbee's Ideal Home Life Just at this time, says the Washington Post, anything pertaining to Captain Sigsbee is interesting. His home life in Riggs Place is an ideal one, and its charm is due to those who are nearest and dearest to the gallant officer—his family. The Captain, as his name would indicate, comes of Dutch stock, and takes a reasonable pride in having sprung from what was, at the time his people came to New Amsterdam, the greatest seafaring nation in the world. He was a country boy originally, and came from the rural districts adjoining the village of Otego, in Otsego County, New York. While he was a mere lad his family moved to Albany, and it was from there that he went to the Naval Academy. While at the Academy he was not over-studious, and he has been very much amused at the accounts which have appeared in different papers of his graduating first in his class. His nickname while at the Academy was "Dutch," and by that he was popularly known for a long time after he had left the Academy.

He graduated at the early age of eighteen, and was immediately put in charge of a division of guns on a ship and entered active service. He smelled powder during the late war in the battles of Mobile and Fort Fisher, and at the age of twenty-five was promoted to the position of Lieutenant-Commander. It was in the same year that he met, while at the Naval Academy, Miss Eliza Rogers Lockwood, daughter of Professor Henry Lockwood, U. S. N., who was then one of the instructors at the Academy. Mrs. Sumner Ely Westmore Kittelle, wife of Ensign Kittelle, now on duty with the dispatch boat Dolphin, is the oldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Sigsbee. She is the proud mother of the youngest scion of the Sigsbee race, a young lady of some two months of age, who is named Anna Louise Kittelle.

Miss Mary Ellen Sigsbee, the second daughter, resembles her father in personal appearance, and inherits from him a talent for art. She is a decided brunette, and a member of the Art League of Washington.

Unlike her elder sister, Miss Ethel Sigsbee, the third daughter, is a decided blonde, and in personal appearance goes back to her mother's side of the family. She is strikingly handsome, and has an excellent voice. Then little Miss Eleanor Sigsbee, aged eleven, and Master Charles Dwight Sigsbee, Jr., aged eight, comprise the quota of the Sigsbee household.

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General Schofield, McKinley's Adviser Gen. John McAllister Schofield, who, it is currently reported, will be the adviser of President McKinley during the hostilities with Spain, was born in Chautauqua County, New York, on September 29, 1831. His father moved to Illinois when the younger Schofield was a mere lad. In 1849 Schofield entered West Point, and was graduated in 1853. His classmates were McPherson, Sheridan, Sill, Terrill and Hood. In 1853 he was made Brevet Second Lieutenant of Artillery, serving at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina. From 1855 to 1860 he was acting Assistant Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy. When the war broke out he accepted the command of the First Missouri Volunteers. Later he was made Chief of Staff to General Nathaniel Lyon. He was assigned to the command of the Department of the Missouri, sending troops to assist General Grant in the capture of Vicksburg, and clearing the State of guerrilla and border warfare.

By request of General Grant, January 31, 1864, he was assigned to the command of the Department and Army of the Ohio, and was in command of the left wing of Sherman's Army in Georgia. He took part in all the battles and operations of the Atlanta Campaign. His commission of Brigadier-General in the United States Army dated from the battle of Franklin, and in 1865 he received the rank of Brevet Major-General. In 1888, on the death of Sheridan, he was appointed to command the United States Army by President Cleveland, with headquarters at Washington. He has presided over important boards of officers, notably that of 1870, which adopted the "tactics" at present in general use in the National Army.

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Clara Barton, the Soldier's Ministering Angel Miss Clara Barton, who has in Cuba, in so short a time, evolved from chaos and almost despair, order and comparative comfort, has, from first to last of her career, never failed to meet any need which demanded her services, says Success. She was born in Oxford, Massachusetts, 1838. She attended the public schools of her native town, and supplemented her education by a course of study at Clinton, New York. A serious affection of the throat compelled her to resign the position of principal of the first public school at Bordentown, New Jersey, and she accepted the offer of a clerkship in the Patent Office, at Washington.

At the outbreak of the war, in 1861, a number of wounded soldiers from her native town arrived in Washington, and Miss Barton asked permission to go to the hospital and nurse them. So competent did she prove that the surgeons begged that she would remain permanently. She consented, resigning her position in the Patent Office. When the great battles began to be fought, and the need on the field became peremptory, she hired vehicles and went to the scenes of action. When the war ended, thoroughly exhausted by her continuous labor and exposures, she went to Europe to recuperate. While there the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and she promptly offered her services. At Metz and Paris, and many other scenes of conflict, she ministered to and comforted the wounded and dying. Her services were acknowledged by the Emperor of Germany by a presentation of the Order of the Iron Cross.

As President of the Red Cross, founded in 1864, Miss Barton rendered efficient services to the sufferers of the Ohio and Johnstown floods, the Michigan fires, the Charleston earthquake, and other National calamities. During the famine in Russia, the Red Cross sent relief to the suffering peasants, and Miss Barton coöperated with the Christian Herald when, in 1892, that journal sent the relief steamer Leo to St. Petersburg with a cargo of breadstuffs. Her latest field of activity is Cuba. She was in Havana at the time of the Maine disaster, and, with her staff of workers, was promptly at the bedside of our wounded sailors who were rescued from the exploded and sinking war-ship.

Favorite Works of Famous Men

BOOKS THAT GREAT MEN LOVED

By Frank G. Carpenter

THE American statesman of the stage differs materially from him of actual life. The popular idea that stump speaking, windy harangues, adroit hand shaking and baby kissing make up the capital of our public men is no more true than that the Hon. Bardwell Slote, as depicted in Florence's play, The Mighty Dollar, is a fair representation of the typical American Congressman. Few of our statesmen have attained prominence who have not been students, and the greatest among them have been widely read and noted for their learning. Benjamin Franklin made an international reputation as a scientist and as a man of learning, and every member of Jefferson's Cabinet was a well educated man.

Albert Gallatin was highly educated. He was fond of science, and, during his later years, devoted himself especially to the study of ethnology. He wrote an essay upon the semi civilized nations of Mexico and America, and he has been called the father of American ethnology. He was fond of Scott, and his favorite novel was The Antiquary, which he read once a year. He believed in reading for style rather than for story, and he said that novels should be read the last chapter first, in order that the appreciation of the style should not be lost in the interest excited by the story. He was an admirer of Jeremy Bentham, and he acknowledged himself indebted to him as his master in the art of legislation. He was a thorough Latin scholar, and at one time taught French at Harvard College. He was a contributor to the magazines, and he wrote many articles upon financial and other subjects.

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Daniel Webster was the best general scholar in college at the time he was at Dartmouth. He was especially well up in Latin. At fifteen his reading included Addison, Pope, Watts, and Don Quixote. He possessed wide information on a number of subjects, and had a clear and retentive memory. His quotations were chiefly drawn from Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, and the Bible.

James Madison was also a great Bible student. He remained at Princeton a year longer than necessary, for the sake of acquiring Hebrew. He studied the whole history and evidences of Christianity, and it was largely by his influence that freedom of conscience was established by law in Virginia. His health broke down at college, and it was years before he recovered it.

Thomas Jefferson laid down rules of study for Madison, Monroe, and others of his friends, and these rules, which were [illegible] as those he adopted for himself, were as follows:

From daybreak until eight in the morning the student should confine himself to natural philosophy, morals, and religion, reading treatises on astronomy, chemistry, anatomy, agriculture, botany, international law, moral philosophy and metaphysics. Religion during these early morning hours, was to be considered under two heads, "natural" and "sectarian." For information concerning sectarian religion the student was advised to apply to the following sources: Bible commentaries by Middleton in his works, and by Priestley in his Corruptions of Christianity and Early Opinions of Christ, and the Sermons of Sterne, of Massillon, and of Bourdaloue. From eight to twelve he advised Madison to read law and condensed cases, "never using two words where one will do." So far this was good advice.

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From twelve to one he was to read politics: the books advised were Montesquieu, Locke, Priestley, Malthus, and the Parliamentary debates. In the afternoon the student's mind was to be relieved with history; when evening closed in, he might regale himself with literature, criticism, rhetoric and oratory. No, not regale himself, but sit down to a hard and long evening's work, as Jefferson did himself, keeping it up sometimes till two in the morning. The student was recommended in the evening to write criticisms of the books he had read, to analyze the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, to read good English orations and pleadings with the closest attention to the secrets of their excellence, to compose original essays, and to plead imaginary causes with a friend. Hamerton in his Intellectual Life, does not imagine a mind which could stand such a strain.

It is little wonder that Madison broke down under such cramming, and it would probably have brought Jefferson to a state of nervous prostration had it not been for his fiddle, his horses, and his farm. Jefferson became, in after life, one of the most learned men of his time, and he was throughout his whole existence a student. He did not like Scott's novels, nor Hume's History of England, and it is said he never ceased to hate Blackstone's Commentaries. One of his granddaughters says that he read Homer, Virgil, Dante, Corneille and Cervantes as easily as he read Shakespeare and Milton. In his youth he loved poetry, but in his old age he lost his taste for this, except for Homer and the great Athenian tragedies, which he continued to the last to enjoy. He went over the works of Eschylus, Sophocles and Euripides during the year of his death. He was very fond of history, and studied it in all languages, preferring the ancients.

He derived greater pleasure from his knowledge of Greek and Latin than from any other branch of literature. "I have," says his granddaughter, "often heard him express his gratitude to his father for causing him to receive a classical education. I saw him more frequently with a volume of the [illegible] in his hand than any other book. Still, he read new publications as they came out, never missed a number of the Reviews, especially of the Edinburgh, and kept himself acquainted with what was being done, said or thought in the world from which he had been compelled to retire."

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When Jefferson was in love he was especially fond of reading Ossian. Parton says that he spent a great part of his honeymoon in reading these poems to his wife. He became so infatuated with them that he wished to learn Gaelic in order that he might study the poems in the original. He was all his life a great book collector, and his library, which he sold to Congress for about one half its cost, or about twenty three thousand dollars, was so large that it made sixteen wagon loads of about three thousand pounds each.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, quarreled with his doctor on his death bed about the pronunciation of certain words, and both his letters and his speeches are full of literary allusions. His duel with Clay arose from a comparison of Clay and Adams as a coalition corresponding to that of Bluff and Black George in Fielding's novel, Tom Jones, which Randolph referred to as a combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan and the Blackleg.

Randolph's whole life was made up of lamentations of remorse, and for him the world in every way went wrong. He lamented throughout his life his rambling way of reading, but he covered nearly every field of English literature. Before he was eleven years of age he had read Goldsmith's Roman History, the Arabian Nights, and Voltaire's History of Charles XII. He read Don Quixote, Gil Blas, Plutarch, Pope's Homer, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver, Tom Jones, Orlando Furioso, and Thomson's Seasons.

Shakespeare and the Arabian Nights were his idols. His letters abound in quotations from Shakespeare; and, in these letters, he often discusses the books he is reading. In a letter to Francis Scott Key, the author of the Star Spangled Banner, he says "that the poet in our language, Shakespeare and [illegible]rt, has such power over my feelings as Byron, and I cannot yield his precedence to Walter Scott."

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On his way to England, Randolph chatted with Jacob Harvey, of New York, about books. Harvey says, at this time Randolph's favorite author was Milton, and that he frequently gave readings from Paradise Lost to the company on shipboard. He did not like Young, Thomson, Johnson or Southey. They were, he said, too artificial. Of the poems then current he placed Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress first on the list for its great wit and satire, and the Twopenny Postbag next for similar excellencies. Third came Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, for every variety of sentiment well expressed. "But," he concluded, "I cannot go Moore's songs; they are too sentimental by half—all ideal, and above Nature."

Speaking of Mr. Randolph met him in the House of Commons, and describes him as a spruce, dapper little gentleman, who, upon acquaintance, turned out to be a most fascinating and witty fellow. Said Mr. Randolph: "I told him that I envied him more for being the author of the two satirical poems, above spoken of, than for all the beautiful songs which play the fool with the young ladies' hearts." Randolph passionately admired Burns as well as Byron, but he said he could not pretend to decide between them in point of genius.

John Randolph's religion was much affected by his feelings, and he chose those parts of literature which verge upon the erratic and insane. He was very near insanity himself during a part of his life, and, at one time, he wrote that he preferred Lear to all the rest of Shakespeare's plays, and that in Timon of Athens only was the bard really in earnest. He read the Bible, also, with care and diligence, the story of his conversion describes his struggles as to its comprehension. He could not understand the Epistles of St. Paul, but, he said, by the aid of Locke's Paraphrase he hoped to be able to comprehend them.

Randolph did not like novels. He advised Harvey not to read any, concluding his lecture as follows: "When you go home, sir, tell your father that I recommend abstinence from novel reading and from whisky punch. Depend upon it, they are both injurious to the brain."

John Quincy Adams was, perhaps, the hardest student among American statesmen. He began as a boy and continued his studies throughout his long life, until he fell dead in the Capitol at Washington. He left a library of twelve thousand volumes and a chest of valuable manuscripts, original and translated, prose and poetry.

His earliest letter in existence was written to his father while he was yet under ten years of [illegible]. In this he says:

"Master [illegible] troublesome task to keep me a studying. I own I am ashamed of myself. I have but just entered the third volume of Rollin's History, for I designed to have got half thro it by this time. I am determined this week to be more diligent. I have set myself a stent this week to read the third volume half out. If I can keep my resolution, I will, at the end of the week, give a better account of myself. I wish sir, you would give me some writing some instructions in regard to the use of my time, and advise me how to proportion my studies. I pay, and I will keep them by me and endeavor to follow them. With the present intention of growing better, I am dear sir, your son,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS."

P. S.—If you will be so good as to favor me with a blank book I will transcribe the most remarkable passages I meet with in my reading which will serve to fix them on my mind."

These words seem rather old for a boy of ten, but he kept up the plan laid down in them throughout his life and it was the common saying of statesmen of his day that Adams knew everything, and that what he had not on his tongue he could find in his diary. He had a good memory. It was said that he could quote with precision from works which he had not looked over for forty years. He was familiar with Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian.

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His literary loves were for history and literature, moral philosophy and law. His favorite English poet was Shakespeare, and he considered Ovid the Shakespeare of the Romans. Cicero he diligently studied and translated. But he did not much admire the poetry of Byron. Pope was one of his favorites in early life, and in later years he was very fond of Watt's psalms and hymns. It is said that he often rose from his seat as he repeated them, and that among his favorite stanzas was the following:

"Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews of Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between."

Andrew Jackson's library, so General Brinkerhoff, who was a tutor at the Hermitage, tells me, showed that he was not a man of high literary culture. His books were chiefly the presents of friends or of publishers, and the library was a conglomeration of all kinds of literary materials. Some of the books were good, and many were not worth shelf room. They ranged from Barlow's Columbiad down to small editions of the Devil on Two Sticks, and from the Penny Cyclopedia to Mrs. Gaston's Cook Book. The books which Jackson read were mainly theological, agricultural, and historical. He was a Bible reader during his later years, and he always had nightly worship in the White House during the time he was President.

John C. Calhoun, like Madison, broke down his health by overworking as a student. He had no opportunity of general reading until he was thirteen years of age, when he visited his brother in law, a Presbyterian clergyman. There was a circulating library in the house, and in fourteen weeks young Calhoun read the whole stock of historical works within it, consisting of Rollin's Ancient History, Robertson's Charles V and America, and Voltaire's Charles XII. He did not seem to care for novels, but after finishing these he turned to Cook's Voyages. He was working away at Locke on the Understanding, when his health gave out. His eyes became sore, he grew pale and thin, and his mother sent for him to come home and turn his attention to hunting, fishing, and other country sports. He passed four years in this way, resting and gaining strength, and then went to Yale College.

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He was a man of wide reading and often surprised specialists by his knowledge of their branch of the professions or sciences. A naval officer once said that he did not like him because he never liked a man who knew more about his profession than he did. Professor Brady, the noted photographer, once told me that when he took Calhoun's daguerreotype he was surprised by his knowledge of the then comparatively unknown art of photography, and that Mr. Calhoun, in a two hours' conversation, taught him some things concerning a matter upon which he (Mr. Brady), then the recognized authority of the country, was ignorant.

Aaron Burr was one of the most accomplished men who ever appeared upon the stage of American history. He was throughout his life a student, and it is said that while he studied law he spent twenty hours out of the twenty four at his books. He was a French scholar, and, while he was courting Miss Prevost, his favorite authors were Rousseau and Voltaire. He had in after-life a fine library, and he was one of the few men in America who kept an account with a bookseller at London. He bought new books as they came out, and read Gibbon, volume by volume, as it appeared. He was a great admirer of Jeremy Bentham, was fond of Scott, and, like the most cultivated publicmen of America of his time, was a student of the Edinburgh Review.

When Franklin was thirty he made it a rule to spend twelve hours a week at his books; it was at this time that he began the study of languages. He soon learned to read French, Italian and Spanish. Italian he learned, says Barton in company with a friend who was very fond of chess. Franklin proposed that the victor should impose the task upon the vanquished in these games such as learning a verb or writing a translation, and that the task should be performed after the next meeting. Franklin thought that the modern languages should be acquired first and Latin and Greek later. He says he found his Latin very easy to read after his knowledge of the three modern languages. He did not approve of Latin and Greek as a principal means of education, and one of the last acts of his life was to write an able protest against such a rigid system.

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President William Henry Harrison held directly opposite views as to classical study. He was a great admirer of the classics, his inaugural address being full of allusions to the Greeks and Romans. He allowed Daniel Webster to revise it. Webster, on going to a dinner the night after he had completed this work, was asked how he felt. He replied that he was terribly tired, because he had killed that day about forty proconsuls and two or three Roman Emperors, whom the President had brought to life in his inaugural.

Patrick Henry has generally been known as a fiddling, lazy, non reading genius, and Wirt carries out this idea of him in his biography. It is a question whether this supposition is a true one. Patrick Henry's sisters say that he was a hard student, and that his father's library was large and well selected. Henry was a classical scholar. It is said that he read the Latin as easily as the English. His favorite author was Livy. His Latin Virgil was still in existence a few years ago, and its margins were filled with notes.—Lippincott's Magazine.

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The German Emperor at Home

WITH AN ARMY OF SERVITORS

THERE are fifteen hundred people upon the Emperor's list of employés, including three hundred and fifty female servants, who are engaged in looking after the twenty two Royal palaces and castles that belong to the Crown, says the Berlin correspondent of the Chicago Record. Their wages are small. The women receive not more than $12 a month, and the men servants, who number over five hundred, from $15 to $25 a month. Most of the palaces and castles are in a sad state of decay.

The Emperor seldom uses more than three or four of them. The rest are occupied by his relations and dependants, who number one hundred or more, and are nearly all supported from the Royal purse. His private fortune is estimated at $25,000,000, the greater part of which is represented by landed estates. He has forty eight farms, fourteen forests, eight vineyards and owns the Royal porcelain factory near Berlin, but his revenues from this property do not amount to more than $1,000,000 a year. The entire income from several of the estates goes directly to his brothers and sisters. Prince [illegible], a second cousin, is much richer than the Emperor. His wealth was inherited from his grandfather, Prince Carl, a brother of old Emperor William, who was a miser and a keen business man, and amassed an enormous fortune.

In addition to this income the Kaiser draws full pay and allowances for all the titles he assumes, both civil and military. He can add to his income at any time by creating himself a Duke or a Baron or by appointing himself General of an army corps or Colonel of a regiment. He is already the Colonel of several German regiments, and holds honorary commissions in the armies of England, Austria, Russia and Belgium. He is also an Admiral of the German fleet, and has just been made an Admiral in the Russian Navy, for which he draws full pay and allowances.

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How the Grossmiths Made a Mistake.

George Grossmith and his son, the English platform celebrities, were traveling to a provincial town one night when there was a breakdown on the railway. They did not reach their destination until twenty minutes after eight, although the performance was to begin at eight. They decided to drive in the cab on their way to the theatre.

Seeing a building lighted up and a large crowd coming out, the elder Grossmith supposed it was the theatre, and, putting his head out of the window, waved his arms frantically and shouted in great excitement: "Go back—go back! It's all right! Grossmith is here! It's all right!" "Unfortunately," says the younger George, who tells the story, "it wasn't our audience, but a congregation leaving a Methodist chapel."

Side-Lights on Timely Topics

SUGGESTED BY SUBJECTS OF VITAL INTEREST

The Avalanche in the Chilkoot

THERE are few fatal avalanches in the European Alps nowadays because many casualties of the kind in the past have taught the people caution, and they no longer venture rashly in the paths which the terrible snowslides may be expected to take, says the Public Ledger. There have been few such catastrophes in the Alaskan Alps heretofore, because there were no victims within reach. Doubtless, the avalanches have been tumbling down the steep sides of the Chilkoot Pass for ages, just as that one did which overwhelmed so many gold seekers recently, and their traces must have been visible to those who chose to look for them, but the hundreds of men and women who started across the pass were thinking only of reaching their destination, and if a thought of the impending danger crossed their minds at all, they trusted to get safely by before it fell. In the course of natural events, there will be other avalanches on this trail, and they will have, probably, many more victims.

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Territorial Government of Alaska

THE great and rapid increase in the population of Alaska makes necessary the organization of a form of Government adequate to changed conditions, says the New York Mail and Express. With an estimated population of 15,000 when ceded by Russia to the United States in 1867, the census of 1890 showed that the number of inhabitants had increased to 32,000, and it is now calculated that the rush to the Klondike and to the gold fields in United States territory will, this summer, bring the population of Alaska up to 100,000.

There is a general bill pending in Congress providing for the improved government of the Territory, which places the executive control in the hands of a Governor, to be appointed by the President for a term of four years, and having the general powers of the Governor of a Territory. There is also to be a District Court, with civil and criminal divisions, each with its Judge, Marshals, District-Attorney and Clerk.

The new government will cost money, and it is properly proposed that its expenses shall be met out of the proceeds of local taxation. But the scheme of raising revenue is a novel one. It consists of a system of licenses graded according to the kind of business conducted and its profits, estimated or ascertained. The enumeration of industries ranges from banks to billiard rooms, from breweries to water works. It will be part of the duty of the courts to grant these licenses and collect the fees, and the revenue for the first year is estimated at $200,000.

This peculiar device is designed to meet peculiar conditions. It is doubtful whether, if approved by Congress, it will be more than temporary, for it would seem to be complicated and annoying in its application.

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Why Brazil Sold Her Ships

ONE of the remarkable phenomena of trade at present is reflected by Brazil's recent sale of war-ships to this country, says the Providence Journal. A careful examination of it prompts the suggestion that the South American Republic had fiscal rather than friendly reasons for disposing of the vessels. The price of Brazilian coffee has now fallen lower than it was ever quoted before. The figure on regular contract deliveries is five cents per pound. An immense crop has been gathered, and this fact is now bearing the market for the product all over the world. Brazil, which collects an export duty upon it, has actually been put into financial straits by the reduction in price.

The loss of revenue became so serious a month ago, that reports were in circulation in London that the interest could not be paid on the country's debt in April. Since the deal by which the United States takes the Amazonas and its sister was carried through, the news has come that the coupons will be taken up. The American money has enabled the nation to make both ends meet.

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The Strength of Spain's Navy

THE general impression that Spain has few modern ships available for active service, and that our Navy would make short work of them, is far from correct, says the Commercial Advertiser. It is true our Navy has been increased wonderfully in effectiveness, especially in the last thirty years, but it is also true that Spain, during that period, has not been inactive, and that she to-day possesses a fighting force superior to ours in everything except battleships.

With the exception of Great Britain, Spain is able to-day to send to sea a stronger fighting squadron of armed cruisers of heavy tonnage and great speed, and powerful armament, than any other country in the world.

Against Spain's fleet of seventeen twenty knot armored cruisers, two battle ships and eighteen twenty to thirty knot torpedo gun vessels and torpedo boat catchers, and forty four torpedo boats of all classes, the United States could send to sea a fighting fleet composed of four first class battle ships, two second class battle ships, four armored cruisers, twelve unprotected cruisers, two torpedo boat catchers, and fifteen torpedo boats. With the exception of the torpedo boats there are only seven of these vessels [illegible] twenty knots and two of the [illegible] commerce destroyers, whose [illegible] run away from armored ships.

The United States also has six effective, heavily armed, but slow, harbor defense ironclads, fourteen single turret monitors, most of which are unfit for any service, two cruisers (Atlanta and Chicago), so torn to pieces in process of rebuilding as to be unfit for service for a long time, sixteen small steel cruisers and gunboats, one dispatch vessel, sixteen old wooden and iron frigates and sloops, whose usefulness would be very limited, and nineteen hulks and receiving ships. There are also eight tugs and one transport.

Spain has, in addition to the powerful fighting fleet described above, two battleships (repairing), two coast defense monitors, fifteen cruisers of steel, iron and wood, armed with modern guns, ninety one small gunboats of steel, iron and wood, with all patterns of armament, six transports, two surveying vessels, seven tugs, ten steam and sailing vessels in the training service and six unserviceable hulks.

The personnel of the United States Navy is composed of 13,400 officers and men of all ratings, while that of Spain is 24,700.

A comparison of the fighting squadrons of both nations (which is really the true naval strength), will show that, while the United States possesses more battle ships and harbor defense monitors, Spain far exceeds us in the number of armored cruisers and torpedo boats. The Spanish vessels have, in addition, the great advantage of uniformity of speed of a high rate, making it possible for them to shun action with the battle ships, and to choose such positions as they might desire in dealing with all our vessels except the Brooklyn, New York, Minneapolis, Columbia and Olympia, which equal them in speed.

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The War Cloud in Asia

ENGLAND must hold her possessions in the East by force, not by the devotion and the spontaneous effort of a native population, says the Jacksonville Times Union. So those who take must hold China. The native African will finally be exterminated. But while the process of training is going on, these millions will become fit for war before they can appreciate the blessings of peace, what then?

Greece trained the barbarians to the north of her till she was conquered by them, Rome fell under the weapons and the tactics of leaders who profited by the lessons they had received from her Centurions. When England has shown the Hindoo how to arm his millions, when Europe has made the Chinese understand the necessity of doing what the Japanese have done, what is to be the fate of Europe?

Christendom may well feel uneasy when it looks forward to the end of the next century, and there is warrant for a wise anxiety as to the birth of another Genghis Khan, or the development of a power that can repeat the history of the Saracen or the Turk. We sit secure, but the future of Christianity and mankind is very greatly involved.

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Testing Vessels in Miniature

MARINE testing tanks are now generally employed for the determination of many important facts bearing upon the design and construction of naval vessels, and invaluable data have been obtained by this means, says the Western Electrician; but this information is in the possession of the Governments that have discovered it, and it is zealously guarded in their naval archives. Marine engineers find it difficult and sometimes impossible to secure statistics of great value, because of the lack of facilities for individual research and experiment.

For this reason the announcement that a marine testing tank for models is being built at Cornell University is commanding attention in engineering circles. It is the desire of Cornell to make experiments which will be in the line of pure science. The idea is to establish a set of general rules or laws which can be used by constructors to point out exactly what every kind of propeller will do, what every shape of boat will do under varying conditions, how much power would be needed to propel certain boats at certain speeds, and the limitations which would govern these performances.

Marine engineering should have a real scientific basis, and very little work has been done, so far, in this line outside of [illegible] circles, at least in this [illegible] Government tanks and nearly all [illegible] most part occupied [illegible] is having something to do with a particular ship or a particular propeller, for example, but the information thus gained is locked up. It is for the benefit of Government design, and not for advancement of engineering science.

The tank in Ithaca has a trolley car structure extending across it which is able of being propelled electrically from one end of the tank to the other, at any speed. This is for the purpose of testing the speed, thrust and area of propellers. It is also used in connection with the determination of the shape of vessels' hulls. It is supplied with delicate testing instruments. The operator rides upon it as it moves along the tank, dragging after it the model of a man of war in the water, or a special apparatus carrying small propellers. The operator can work the structure by means of switches in circuit with the electric motors.

If the model of a boat is being tested it is moved in the water, under the trolley structure, and drawn forward by a vertical metal rod, which extends up through the structure and impinges upon a recording mechanism.

The completion of this tank will give this country two valuable equipments, the most perfect in the world, as the Government tank now being built is fully equipped with the latest instruments, and is said to be the largest in the world. Great Britain has two marine testing tanks, one at Portsmouth which is owned by the Government, and another in Scotland, which is not public property. Italy and Russia have each one tank. None of the other great nations have modern testing equipments of this kind.

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How Two Boats were Named

ONE of the new torpedo boats has been named the Talbot, another the McKee. Two heroes of the United States Navy are thus honored. Lieut. John Talbot, son of John Talbot, of Danville, Kentucky, graduated from the Naval Academy in '60, was commissioned ensign in '68, master in '69, and lieutenant in '70. He was then twenty six years old. On the twenty ninth of October 1870, says a Danville, Kentucky, correspondent of the St. Louis Republic, the United States man of war Narragansett was wrecked near Ocean Island in the Pacific, and all of her officers and men were cast on its barren and uninhabited shores. Ocean Island is about midway between San Francisco and Yokohama, entirely out of the customary track of navigation, and fully fifteen hundred miles from the nearest civilized port. The crew of the Narragansett was, therefore, in a terrible plight.

The only hope was for some [illegible] the Captain's gig, a frail craft— [illegible] to make Honolulu. Lieutenant Talbot was the first to step forward. Five seamen also volunteered. Their provisions were scant, and there was hardly any water, but they set sail. Five days out they ran into a [illegible] and lost what little food and drink they had taken on board. Then began many days of suffering from exposure and want of food. Lieutenant Talbot fell ill and remained [illegible] and then, to add to the horrors of the situation, one of the seamen became insane. Thus the gig and its heroic crew drifted for thirty one days, Talbot at times almost exhausted, but always courageous and cheerful.

Finally the boat, leaky and dangerous, with Talbot and two of the men extremely ill, and another insane, but harmless and helpless to a pitiable degree, sighted the coast of Kauai, one of the Hawaiian group. It was here that Talbot met his death. The boat got into shoal water and was capsized and every man save one, Talbot included, was washed into the sea. Before the boat was righted, Talbot, heavily clothed and much exhausted, made a desperate effort to save himself, but a breaker carried him away. He sank without a cry. One Halford, the sole survivor, clung to the boat and was washed ashore. He told his story, and in a short time a vessel was en route to Ocean Island to rescue the shipwrecked sailors. Talbot's body was recovered and now lies at Danville.

Lieut. Hugh W. McKee, a classmate and friend of Talbot, was a son of the gallant William McKee, who fell with Harry Clay at the Battle of Buena Vista. The deed which made his name an honored one was in leading a desperate assault upon a Korean fort in 1871. The United States marines and the Koreans in the chief citadel had been picking each other off, and the situation was exasperating. Finally the order was given to storm the fort, and the assault began, with McKee in the lead. The occupants of the fort fired upon the approaching men without checking their rapid advance, and, as the Americans rushed up the hill, the Koreans mounted the parapet and cast stones upon the men below. McKee was the first to mount the top of the inclosure, and no sooner did he reach the summit than he was surrounded by a howling, savage band of Koreans. They expected no quarter from the invaders, and gave none. McKee, although quickly followed by many of his men, was for a moment engaged single handed with a dozen warriors, and then succumbed in the face of overwhelming odds, pierced both by spear and by bullet. McKee's death but redoubled the fury of the Americans' assault, and many a Korean paid the penalty with his life. McKee's body was returned to Kentucky and buried at Lexington.

In the walls of the chapel of the Naval Academy at Annapolis there are six memorial tablets which mark deeds of extraordinary heroism by its graduates. Two of the six were inserted in honor of the memory of Lieutenants Talbot and McKee.

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A Battle for Clean Schools

THE women of Chicago have inaugurated a new movement, and this movement, like so many movements in Chicago, owes its birth to the Woman's Club of that city, says the Outlook. The present movement is to house clean one of the schools of the city. Mrs. Potter Palmer has ordered two gross of scrub brushes and a dozen gingham aprons. Another member has secured five barrels of soft soap. A member of the club will be prepared, after this experiment is completed, to give statistics to prove how much it will cost to clean the schools in the ward in which this school is located. The condition of this school aroused the interest of the women, and they will take charge of the building until the house cleaning is completed, which, with the number of people employed, ought to be done in one day.

The present rules of the Chicago School Board permit of the cleaning of the school but three times a year. The teachers are perfectly powerless under this system, as the janitors always hold the rules as their excuse. A member of the Board of Education of Chicago believes that this is one of the best steps taken by the women of the city in connection with the public schools, and he states, what every intelligent citizen will admit, that the question of expense should not be considered in the matter of keeping a school clean. Certainly the unconscious education of an absolutely clean room, with facilities for providing soap, water and towels for the use of children coming from homes where these necessities for cleanliness are strangers, cannot be overestimated. It is estimated that to keep the rooms of the schools in Chicago in a satisfactory state of cleanliness would require the expenditure of only $1 50 a room more than is expended at present.

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Avenging the Death of Gordon

THE English press is ringing with applause for Sir Herbert Kitchener, and his Anglo-Egyptian force, that defeated the Mahdists recently at Atbara, in the Soudan, after an engagement in which Mahmoud, the Dervish Commander, was captured and four thousand of his followers slain or taken prisoners, says the Public Ledger. The English forces had been massed for some time at Berber, awaiting a propitious time to push on to Khartum or to Omdurman, where the Khalif, the successor to the Mahdi, has located his seat of government. The attack, however, was begun by the natives, under the Emir Mahmoud, at Shendy. Atbara, the scene of the recent battle, is on the road to Kassala, which was, in 1897, ceded to Great Britain by Italy.

Until 1882 the possessions of the Khedive of Egypt comprised East Soudan and Nubia, from Wadai to the Red Sea, together with a part of Somaliland and coast lands near the Sea of Aden. From the frontier of Upper Egypt the territory extended southward fourteen hundred miles to Lake Albert Nyanza. At this time Khartum, at the confluence of the Blue and White Niles, was the official residence of the Governor General of the Egyptian Soudan. The revolt of the Mahdi, in 1882, caused Egypt to temporarily abandon her active authority in this region, although she held on to Northern Dongola, while the English occupied Suakin and the Italians took possession of Massowah.

England has never forgotten the death of Chinese Gordon, at Khartum, at the hands of the Mahdists, and to this day there is much feeling against the Gladstone Ministry which was charged with irresolution and lack of patriotism in not sending a relieving party to Gordon in time to rescue him alive. Indeed, the more bitter of the Conservatives reversed the initials of the "Grand Old Man," and dubbed him "Murderer of Gordon." The Liberals, however, asserted that Gordon had exceeded his instructions in going on a hazardous expedition, and while greatly deploring his fate they disavowed all responsibility.

England is determined to regain Khartum, not merely as an act of reprisal, but also to throw open a new sphere for British commerce. The conquest and pacification of the Soudan is one of the most firmly settled of English policies.

The victory at Atbara is not reassuring to France, which has its own exploring parties in adjacent territory. France resents not only the growth of English domination in the Soudan, but likewise the unwillingness of Great Britain to relinquish her virtual protectorate of Egypt proper. So far the advantage lies with the Anglo Saxon, and he is likely to improve upon it.

When the Tide Rides High

By Elizabeth Hill

THE shrill, proud sound of neighing comes up the surging brine—
The Riders of the Sea have won yon far horizon line;
They crest the poising billow, they touch the meteor's glare—
A vast, weird host uprearing through the black midnight air.

O'er leagues of lifting water, in wide, unbroken ranks,
With muffled beat of pounding hoofs, and wash of plunging flanks;
With wild, unearthly cheering, outswelling, dying strains,
The demon army of the flood on the broad coast-reach gains.

And onward, ever onward, the serried legions win—
An endless, mighty rise and fall, a growing, deepening din.
The volumed challenge booms along to fill the caverned shore;
And up the reefs of waiting land rolls the far-echoing roar.

And nearer, ever nearer, until their looming van
Shows every gleaming, ghostly steed, and naked, phantom man—
The hurling wave drives through them, and through them sweeps the gale,
And through them shine the seaward stars—vague and far-off and pale.

And on the last high billow the ocean-riders brace,
Exultant, tense is every limb, and fixed is every face.
Then, with one wild upleaping, and one great ringing shock,
The demons of the midnight flood charge the unflinching rock.

—New England Magazine.

On a Sugar Plantation in Cuba

A GARDEN SPOT IN A DESOLATE LAND

By Fannie B. Ward

WHEN the present Spanish War began, Cuba had fifteen hundred and twenty-one prosperous sugar plantations. To-day, "the sound of the grinding is low," for only six of them are in operation. A few weeks ago I visited one of the six, which is situated in the south-eastern corner of the Province of Matanzas, says this writer in the Philadelphia Record. It was an all-day's railway journey, leaving Havana at 5 A. M., and reaching the goal soon after sunset. Probably two hundred miles would cover the distance, as the crow flies; but the road—originally built to accommodate the large estates—zigzags to and fro, like the tacking of a ship.

Traveling by rail in Cuba is seldom unalloyed delight, and in these troubled times discomforts are doubled. Besides the usual slowness and irregularity of service, the heat, dust, and absence of eating-stations, trains are nowadays in momentary danger of being fired into, derailed, exploded by bombs, and each has its disquieting attachment of two ironclad cars, filled with Spanish soldiers standing by their guns at the loopholes. Sophisticated travelers now watch every thicket, hill and hollow which might possibly shelter an insurgent, and throw themselves flat on the dirty floor of the car at the first indication of attack.

Miles after miles of burned canefields, singed trees, scorched hedges, beginning close on the outskirts of Havana, show the boldness of the rebels in spite of the multitude of forts. Avenues of royal palms are passed—magnificent vistas of smooth, round columns, arched with living green. Each of these splendid avenues once marked the entrance to a rich plantation; now they lead to nothing but melancholy ruins. Falling chimneys standing alone, blackened towers, tumbled walls, piles of rusting machinery, are all that is left of homes and sugar-mills. At each ruin perch the scavengers of Cuba, gorged black vultures—now the only well-conditioned creatures to be found on the island. Here and there tall ceiba-trees stretch wide their arms, laden with many-colored orchids. Occasional sections, burned some months ago, show how Nature hastens to hide her wounds in these warm regions. Lusty weeds spring thickly among the charred cane-stubble; blossoming vines creep over blackened walls, and roses riot in the singed hedgerows—not the delicate pink ones we are accustomed to see growing wild in the North, but tropic roses, gorgeous in brilliant crimson and yellow.

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The voice of the meadow-lark is heard, the plaintive call of "Phœbe," and the sweet little song of the Cuban tomeguin. Palms increase in height and number, standing in groves, lining the ravines, and crowning the hill-tops; but nowhere in all the desolated country is there the trace of a garden, a cultivated field, or sign of human occupancy outside the fortified villages. On every hand the beehive forts are seen—often as many as fifteen or twenty can be counted at once—all so tiny that one is continually reminded of Senator Proctor's suggestion, to carry one of them home on his watch-chain.

Jaruco, Matanzas, Cardenas and some other towns are passed, each with its inevitable accompaniment of reconcentrado wretchedness, in groups of squalid huts, under the guns of the forts. At every station Spanish soldiers swarm and starving beggars make piteous appeals. To distribute coin enough to relieve their distress would require the wealth of Cræsus. My escort did the best he could for them by rushing out, at every stopping-place, and buying the entire stocks of all the bread-men in sight with which to fill the skeleton hands.

After hours of slow riding through a totally unoccupied country, between burned canefields on either side, with the smoke from more burning fields or insurgent campfires visible in several directions, we left the car at nightfall, at a miserable little hamlet of palm-thatched huts. What was our astonishment, on alighting in the mud of this desolate place, to behold, a few yards away, a modern horse-car, exactly like those in use in New York City and Washington, only decidedly cleaner!

Everything about it was fresh and trim; spotless windows, straps to hold on by, nothing missing but the nickel-box, or the conductor with his bell-punch. We were within the boundaries of the sugar estate, and the car is for the use of the planter and his family, who had come to meet us. Then away we were whisked over three miles of car-track, between rows of stately palms, hedges of giant aloes, and boundless stretches of sugar-cane, to the archway of roses and jessamine which leads to the manor-house.

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Here new surprises awaited us. The enormous two-story casa, with its many windows and latticed verandas, was brilliantly illuminated with electricity, and is furnished with all the elegancies of city life. The apartment assigned to my use was the most beautiful I have occupied in many a day, with its handsome French furniture and delicate frescoing, under the soft glow of electric lights in the form of pink lilies; and, better than all, it had the welcome adjunct of a perfectly appointed bathroom.

Presently dinner was served in the wide, cool hall, and fine old silver, monogramed china, most exquisite napery, well-drilled servants, oysters, game and rare wines, made it difficult to realize that we were in the heart of an impoverished, war-beleaguered island. I had been told that wealthy Cuban planters live like Princes, and, in truth, many an Old-World potentate might change places and get by far the best of the bargain.

The estate of which I speak is by no means one of the largest in Cuba. The proprietor told me that it is only sixteen miles long by nine or ten wide, comprising about thirty thousand acres. At present it supports something over five thousand people, who are collected in four villages. In ordinary times, two thousand was the usual number of retainers, all employed upon the estate in one capacity or another. Since the war the planter has been compelled to maintain fifteen hundred Spanish soldiers in twelve forts, erected at his own expense, along the edges of the estate.

After Weyler's concentration order, two thousand reconcentrados were quartered upon him. The poor people were driven from their homes and forced to go to the cities or to the fortified plantations. There is no city in this section, and no other plantation in operation, so they flocked in here, and could not be left to starve. The humane planter built them houses and protected them as best he could, and for more than two years has furnished them with food, clothes and medicine. Of course, they have more than absorbed the profits of his business.

The greatest trouble is with their alleged protectors, the soldier guard. If the latter want beef, they kill the first cow they see, though it be the finest Jersey. If fresh horses are needed, they help themselves to the best the plantation affords. When the spirit moves them to recreation, they troop over to the manor-house and demand its use for a dance. On such occasions "a high old time" but tamely expresses it. They pick up female partners wherever they can—the daughters of plantation hands, good-looking reconcentrado girls, and camp followers.

Champagne (the proprietor's) flows like water—or rather, as water never flowed for the external use of these sons of Mars, and if they do not end the orgie by smashing things generally and making a bonfire of the buildings the planter considers himself lucky. There has never been any danger from the insurgents to make this so-called "protection" necessary, because the proprietor and his family are known to be in sympathy with the Cuban cause, but there is everything to fear from the Spanish soldiers. And when Spain is forced to withdraw her forces they will probably celebrate their departure by burning the place, if not murdering the people upon whose bounty they have so long subsisted.

The magnitude of things on this "small" estate amazes the stranger. There are twenty-five miles of broad-gauge railroad within its limits, besides the three-mile tramway. Its equipment includes five locomotives, three hundred freight cars of large size, and one hundred and fifty box cars for a narrow-gauge track. There are thousands of mules and horses and colts; a dry goods and general supply store, pharmacy, school-house, church, ice-making plant, machine shop, carpenter's and blacksmith's shops.

The enormous grinding house contains several great engines and a wilderness of wheels, bands and machinery. It is lighted by electricity, and has seven hundred and twenty tanks, each of which holds a ton of crude sugar. In prosperous times this plantation turns out one hundred thousand bags of sugar every year; but this year, when more than ever ought to be made to keep up extraordinary expenses, it will hardly make half the amount, and, perhaps, even less.

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We occupied a long day going over the plantation, but several days would be required to see all its "points of interest." Besides the extensive flower garden, with its fountain, and shrubbery, and shaded walks, there is a park of many acres, containing the choicest trees of the tropics—cinnamon, spice, Peruvian pepper, thickets of bamboo—fruits of every variety, an aviary with countless birds, artificial lakes covered with water-fowl, and deer.

What would my reader give to have just one of those sky-scraping palms in his front yard?—and here are thousands of them to spare. Our host sent a man to climb one of them just to show us how it is done. The smooth, round trunk looked like a telegraph pole, fully seventy feet from the ground to the tuft of splendid plumes on top, without a branch between. The man, with a bit of rope around his waist, ending with a palm-leaf stirrup for one bare foot, took his machete in his teeth and climbed up like a lizard to the very top, where he hacked off one of the huge leaves. As in most things in this wicked world, the descent was more rapid and dangerous than the ascent; but he came down grinning, elated by the twenty-cent piece, for which he would gladly climb palm trees for the rest of his natural life.

Later we went to see the cutting of a field of cane. Several hundred men and women were ranged in long lines, each line under a leader, who starts the tune, and takes the initiative in every movement. All together thy swing the machete, grasping the cane stalk with one hand and bending in unison, as though moved by machinery, the whizzing sound of the blades cutting the air, and the click of falling cane making a rude accompaniment to the song they are singing. Ox carts carry the cane to a queer machine patented by a Cuban, which hoists it up, weighs it, and dumps it evenly into waiting cars, to be conveyed to the mill. There women throw it into the grinders, chanting a wild chorus as they work.

Cane is cultivated like Indian corn, which it closely resembles. It is first planted in rows—not in hills, like corn—and must be hoed and weeded until it gets high enough to shade its own roots, after which it needs no further attention till the cutting. This refers to the first laying out of a plantation, which will afterward continue fruitful for years by simple processes of renewal.

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When thoroughly ripe, the long, yellow leaves are streaked with red, the top a dark green, from the centre of which shoots up a silvery stem, two or three feet high, on whose top grows a lilac plume, shading to white. The effect of a canefield in its maturity, undulating in the breeze, is a picture to live in the memory. Sugar-cane yields but one crop a year.

Between the time when enough of the cane is ripe to harvest, and the time when the rain and heat spoil its quality, all the sugar for the season must be made; hence the necessity for great industry during a portion of the year. In Louisiana the grinding season lasts only eight weeks; in Cuba it continues four months. The juice is pressed out by machinery, and the cane, after the second squeezing, is dry and tender, and serves excellently for fuel. When thoroughly dry, the crude sugar is put into bags, each bag containing two hundred and forty pounds.

Humor of Generations Ago

CLEVER ANSWERS BY FAMOUS MEN

Feeing the Bear's Keeper.—Boswell having presented Erskine to Doctor Johnson, was surprised, and a bit mortified, when the former slipped a shilling into his hand, whispering that it was for a sight of his bear.

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Corroborative Evidence.—"Do you really believe, Doctor Johnson," inquired a lady friend, "in the dead walking after death?" "Madam," said Johnson, "I have no doubt of it; I have heard the Dead March in Saul."

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Danger of Flattery.—Mr. Hervey, being in company with a person who was paying him some compliments on account of his writings, replied, laying his hand on his breast, "Oh, sir, you would not strike the sparks of applause if you knew the corrupt sort of tinder I have within."

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Insidiousness of Evil.—Seldom will Satan come, at first, with a gross temptation. A large log and a candle may safely be left together. But bring a few shavings, and then some small sticks, and then some larger, and soon you may bring the green log to smouldering ashes.—Leighton.

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A Fated Play.—Bannister was informed by a friend that he had written a farce entitled Fire and Water. "I predict its fate," said the actor. "What fate?" inquired the anxious author. "What fate!" echoed Bannister, "why, it's fate is certain. What can fire and water produce but a hiss?"

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Pompous Folly.—Of a pompous and solemn blockhead who concealed his insignificance under a most ludicrous gravity, Curran observed: "If you had dined with him for a hundred years you could not be intimate with him. By heavens! he would not even be seen to smile, lest the world should think he was familiar with himself."

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Complimenting the Sun.—"Are we never to enjoy the honor and pleasure of Your Grace's society at Edinburgh?" asked Henry Erskine of the Duchess of Gordon. "Oh!" answered she, "Edinburgh is a vile, dull place—I hate it." "Madam," returned the barrister, "the sun might as well say, There's a vile, dark morning—I won't rise to-day."

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Rebuking Pride.—A Frenchman, who was showing Matthew Prior over the Palace of Versailles, desired the poet to observe the many trophies of Louis XIV's victories, and asked if King William had such trophies in his palace. "No," said Prior, "the monuments of my master's victories are to be seen everywhere except in his own house." The Frenchman was silenced.

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Greed of Office-Seekers.—A well-known office-seeker at the Court of George III was one Hutchinson. When he first appeared, the King asked Lord North who he was. "He is, Your Majesty," replied the minister, "Secretary of State for Ireland—a man on whom, if Your Majesty were pleased to bestow the United Kingdom, he would ask for the Isle of Man as a potato garden."

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Illustrating Folly.—Lord Bath, on being told of the first determination of turning Pitt out of the ministry and letting Fox remain, said that it put him in mind of a story of the Gunpowder Plot. The Lord Chamberlain was sent to examine the vaults under the House of Parliament, and, returning with his report, said that he had found five-and-twenty barrels of gunpowder; he had removed ten and hoped the rest would do no harm.

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Passed into the Unattainable.—Mistress Hester Johnson, Swift's Stella, excelled beyond belief, as the Dean put it, in witty sayings. On one occasion a gentleman who had been very silly and pert in her company at last began to grieve, remembering a child lately dead. A Bishop sitting by tried to comfort him, saying that he should be easy, "the child was gone to Heaven." "No, my lord," said Stella, "that is it which most grieves him, because he is absolutely certain never to see his child there."

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St. Peter's Privileges.—One day after dinner, Curran, the famous Irish orator, remarked to his neighbor, Father O'Leary: "Reverend father, I wish you were St. Peter." "And why would you wish that I were St. Peter?" asked the old priest. "Because, in that case," said the barrister, "you would have the keys of Heaven, and you could let me in." "By my honor and conscience, it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I might, possibly, be able to let you out."

EDITOR'S NOTE—These selections are taken from Bon-Mots of the Eighteenth Century, edited by Walter Jerrold, with grotesques by Alice Woodward. Published by J. M. Dent and Company, London.

Under the Evening Lamp

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

FOUR WORDS

By Elizabeth Akers

BELOVED, the briefest words are best;
And all the fine, euphonious ways
In which the truth has been expressed
Since Adam's early Eden days,
Could never match the simple phrase—
Sweetheart, I love you!

If I should say the world were blank
Without your face; if I should call
The stars to witness, rank on rank,
That I am true although they fall—
'Twould mean but this—and this means all—
Sweetheart, I love you!

And so, whatever change is wrought
By Time or Fate, delight or dole,
One single, happy, helpful thought
Makes strong and calm my steady soul,
And these sweet words contain the whole—
Sweetheart, I love you!

I will not wrong their truth to-day
By wild, impassionate vows of faith,
Since all that volumes could convey
Is compassed thus in half a breath,
Which holds and hallows life and death—
Sweetheart, I love you!

—Because I Love You (Lee & Shepard).

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THE LARGEST BIBLE IN THE WORLD

IN 1857 Mindon-min, King of Burma, erected a monument near Mandalay called the Kutho-daw. There he built seven hundred temples, in each of which there is a slab of white marble. Upon these seven hundred slabs is engraved the whole of the Buddhist Bible, a vast literature in itself, equal to about six copies of the Holy Scriptures.

This marble Bible is engraved in the Pâli language, thought to be that spoken by Buddha himself in 500 B. C. Photographs of some of these inscriptions have reached England, and Professor Max Müller—perhaps the greatest linguist in the world—has examined them. But alas for all this merely human ingenuity and perseverance! If His Majesty Mindon-min thought to perpetuate the teaching of the Great Buddha by causing it to be graven on the rock, he nourished a vain ambition.

The climate of Burma is moist, and its effects have already wrought havoc on the surface of the white marble, and the photographs show a partial effacement of some of the Burmese characters in which the Pâli text is engraved. This is certainly the largest known copy of any portion of literature. Even the National Encyclopædia of China, in five thousand volumes, occupies a comparatively small space.

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WAR VETERANS IN THE SENATE

A WASHINGTON newspaper correspondent, glancing over the membership of Congress, directs attention to a fact as remarkable as it is interesting, says the New York Mail and Express. Out of a total of ninety men in the United States Senate, more than one third—or thirty-two—are veterans of the Civil War, which ended a full generation ago; while two of these thirty-two, who are to-day actively engaged in solving a new war problem, were participants in the struggle with Mexico more than half a century ago. The House, too, despite the lapse of time and the advancement of young men in political life, has a large percentage of men who were active in the Rebellion. This is a record of American vigor of which the country may well be proud.

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CHARACTER TOLD BY THE HAIR

THE hair furnishes considerable subject for study, and much more than careless observers would suppose, says a writer in the Washington Star. It is an investigation that can easily be made. The hair unquestionably indicates temperament and feeling, fine or coarse, and character and constitution. Black hair accompanies what is known as the bilious temperament, which gives power, endurance and strength. On the other hand, or head, possibly, light hair indicates the exact opposite, delicacy, fineness, and the lighter tone of character. Notice a person with auburn hair, and you will discover, easily, that his susceptibilities are quick. By the same reasoning red hair marks a sanguine temperament, those who are possessed of intense feelings, or ardent, fiery or passionate natures. As the hair is curly or inclined that way, the emotional and impulsive is indicated. A perfectly straight hair tells its story to all who desire to know it, for whoever knew one with straight hair who was not of a mild and tame nature? Those who have fine, light hair, it will be noticed, while they can do almost any amount of indoor work, are not to be depended on for heavy work. Here again they are the opposite of the black-haired people, who can endure the heaviest and hardest kind of labor. Sandow, the strong man, has light hair, but I don't think he would be as reliable for heavy, continued work as a black-haired man of half his strength.

Here is another thing to study. The coarser the hair the more the owner of it is marked with individuality in thought, feeling, manner and action. I do not think that any man or woman whose hair is fine can, by any possibility, ever make a great mark in public life. Fine hair may do well for the student, scientist or artist in a general way, but when you notice those who have made the greatest marks in these lines, you will discover that their hair is coarse. The same rule holds good with man and woman. The person who has coarse, brittle hair—it matters not what color, though the darker it is the more strength of character and persistence there is likely to be—has a careful mind generally, and is of a very observing nature. They also remember what they see or hear for a long time, and have, besides, the faculty of recalling what they have observed or heard. They make successful detectives. They are of special value as librarians or as searchers of titles. They are rarely inventors, though they are likely to remember more of the points involved in inventions than inventors themselves. In departmental life they are very valuable in being able to put their hands on papers which have long been filed away. They also remember accurately rulings, decisions and precedents. I have in mind several persons of this kind, two of whom are in the Pension Office, who can, when called upon, state almost instantly the rulings in complicated pension cases, it matters not how long a time has elapsed since the rulings were made. Another person is in the Post-Office Department, who can instantly remember any of the hundreds of rulings made in connection with the letter-carrier service.

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NOAH'S ARK COMMENDED BY EXPERTS

AT A RECENT meeting of the Bristol Channel Centre of the Institute of Marine Engineers, England, Mr. Aisbitt gave a comparison of the dimensions of Noah's Ark with vessels of the present day, and stated that for sailing-ships the dimensions of the Ark could not be excelled. For steamers, if one or two breadths were added to the length for machinery space, they would, he said, arrive at some of the best proportions acknowledged for present trans-Atlantic steamers. As to the Ark, there is no doubt that Noah must have been an exceptionally good naval architect, as we are, at the end of the nineteenth century, building vessels of practically the same dimensions, it having been demonstrated that they are better sea-boats than, and have superior sailing qualities to, vessels of different proportions. It is a matter of history that in the early part of the seventeenth century a man of the name of Peter Hans, of Rome, built two ships after the model or proportions of the Ark. These vessels were, as might be imagined, objects of ridicule and scorn at the time, but experience demonstrated that they carried more cargo than vessels of similar tonnage measurement but different dimensions, and, in addition, made quicker passages.

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THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK

SOME writers have denied the existence of such a person as the "Man in the Iron Mask," but late investigations have established it beyond question, says the Boston Budget. The register kept by Dujunca, chief turnkey of the Bastile, proves that the prisoner was committed there on Thursday, September 18, 1698, having been brought thither from the Island of St. Marguerite by Saint-Mars, who exchanged in that year the governorship of the State prison there for that of the Bastile. The removal was made with extraordinary precaution and secrecy.

The prisoner was borne in a close litter, accompanied by a guard. His face was covered with a black velvet mask fastened with steel springs, which he was forbidden to remove on pain of instant death. He was not allowed to speak to any one except the Governor, who watched him with jealous care, and always kept a pair of pistols at hand to destroy him in case he made an effort to reveal himself. When in the Bastile, he was attended at meals and at his toilet by Saint-Mars himself, who removed personally and examined or destroyed the linen which he had worn, lest he might make known his secret by means of some mark on it. At mass he was forbidden to speak or show himself, and the Invalides, who stood by with loaded muskets, had orders to shoot him if he made the attempt. He was buried in the cemetery of St. Paul. After his death everything which had been used or worn by him was burned. It has never been definitely settled who he really was.

FOREBODING

By J. Edmund V. Cooke

I SHOULD be so lonely without you, dear,
Why, even now, if you be not here
For the shortest day, there's a certain lack
Which does not vanish till you come back.
And if you were gone forever, dear,
The aching throat and the hot, swift tear
Were a feeble vent, and a futile, due
To the aching absence, dear, of you.

I should be so lonely without you, dear.
Kiss me again, so I know you're near.
If I should reach for the old embrace
And my arms should close on a formless space,
In the midst of the world and its hollow cheer,
In the gayest throng, I should thrill with fear—
The fear of the void which the world would be,
If you were gone from the earth and me.

I should be so lonely without you, dear,
Though I still might heed the passing year;
Though I still might toil from sun to sun,
What would it be when the work was done?
You would not see and you could not share,
And who, of the rest, would really care?

And if I were gone and 'twere you were left,
I know your breast were as much bereft;
And though God were good and seraphs near,
If I were away, while you were here,
I should be so lonely without you, dear.

—A Bunch of Pansies.

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CONVICTS BUILDING THEIR PRISON

THE most interesting fact about the building of Wormwood Scrubbs prison, in England, is that the plans for its construction were drawn by a convict in his cell, while undergoing the probationary nine months to a long term of imprisonment, says Tit-Bits. The man had been originally an architect, and among the foremost in his profession. He was a gentleman both by birth and education, but in early life began to abuse his natural gifts, and at the time was undergoing his second term of imprisonment for forgery. The completion of the work occupied nearly six months, and was effected under great disadvantages.

In place of a table he had to pin his paper to the wall of his cell, moving it around with the sun in order to obtain the best light. The prison authorities consider this marvelous specimen of architectural drawing the finest piece of work ever done by an English convict. It measures five feet three inches by five feet six inches, being drawn to the scale of a hundredth part of an inch. The convict displayed the greatest interest and pride in the erection and completion of the prison, which was built entirely by convict labor. The bricks were made on the premises, or at some adjoining land leased for the purpose. The iron castings came from Portland prison, the granite from Dartmoor and the Portland stone from Portland.

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STRENGTHENING THE GROWING BODY

IT IS a pleasure to note that the people of America are rapidly becoming alive to the pernicious effects of developing the mind at the expense of the body, says the Medical Record. The more rational mode of educating the young would appear to be that of so training the body and mind that both advance as far as possible at an equal rate. Invalids should be studied separately, and children should not be lumped together in a body and put through the same course without regard to their different temperaments, dispositions and constitutions. It is now about ten years since German gymnastics were introduced into public schools of this country; since then physical training has held a place in the curriculum of almost all the large cities of the East.

The report of the Director of Physical Training in the public schools of Washington has lately been published. According to this report the beneficial results of systematic daily exercise have been marked; but it is impossible to test the full measures of success or failure of these efforts. It is in the remote future, with schooldays long passed, that the lasting influence of such work will be felt by the individual child. However, one thing seems certain, viz., that the introduction of physical training into the public schools of America is a step in the right direction, and if intelligently carried out should result in producing a stronger race mentally and physically. The fact should not be forgotten, though, that physical training may be abused. Gymnastics should not be permitted to take the place of play, but rather the two should go hand in hand.

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THE ONLY TEA PLANTATION IN AMERICA

THE only tea plantation in the United States is located near Summerville, South Carolina. It is the property of Dr. Charles U. Shepard, who has undertaken to prove that tea, one of the greatest staple articles used by Americans to-day, can be raised by our farmers profitably, says a writer in the Cosmopolitan. This attempt to add to our now widely diversified list of industries is one which Dr. Shepard made partly as an experiment and partly as a regular business enterprise. And it is very interesting to note that, in a business way, it has been quite successful. Last season Dr. Shepard sent to market upward of eleven hundred pounds of the finest tea obtainable, and this year's crop, he states, will amount to more than two thousand pounds. In 1877, General William G. LeDuc, then Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, hearing of the attempt to import a new industry into this country, requested William Saunders, of his Department, to investigate the matter and ascertain whether the tea plant could profitably be grown in the United States. After thorough inspection of Mr. Shepard's tea plantation, Mr. Saunders made a very favorable report, predicting that it will be only a question of time, now, when our farmers will supply sufficient tea for home consumption. Concerning this new industry, Dr. Shepard said:

"My plants are affording me a production greater than the Chinese average, and almost equal to that of India and Ceylon." Fifteen months ago the committee of the United States tea importers expressed, through their Chairman, before the Committee on Ways and Means, the opinion that teas produced on this estate equaled any sent to the United States from the Orient. The product of these gardens has always found a ready sale, and has been marketed from Massachusetts to Florida, also in the Central and Western States. The crop of last season was about eleven hundred pounds, being much curtailed by an unusually severe autumnal drought. The outlook for this season is toward two thousand pounds. It would be gratifying if, as present indications promise, the venture should prove very profitable, although the object in view is only in part industrial. "Because of the cheap labor of the Orient," says Dr. Shepard, "it is useless for us to try to compete with them on cheap grades," but he thinks it is possible to grow a finer grade of tea in this country, at a profit which would thoroughly justify all continued experimentation.

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JELLYFISH WHO TAKE BOARDERS

A VERY singular case of commensalism (living on or with another) has just been made known by M. Gadeau de Kerville, says Science Gossip. It concerns the young of the marine fishes called false mackerel, which are almost always found in company with the suborder of large medusæ known as rhizostomes. These young fishes swim parallel with the long axis of the jellyfish, and in the same direction as the latter. They remain above, beneath, and behind the animal, but never advance beyond its umbel. It frequently happens that some of them introduce themselves into the cavities of the jellyfish, and are then visible from the exterior, owing to the transparency of the host. Sometimes the school of fishes wanders a few yards away from the medusa, but at the least alarm immediately returns with great rapidity to occupy its former position. It is evident that the medusa very efficaciously protects the young fishes by means of its innumerable stinging capsules. This is shown by the fact that when the fishes become larger they protect themselves.

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BRICKS THAT ARE MADE OF PAPER

THE manufacture of enameled paper bricks, according to the Boston Journal of Commerce, has now become a definite industry with a satisfactory promise. The production of these bricks on the hollow principle is a marked feature in their form, the object of this, as stated, being practically the same as that sought in the making of hollow forged-steel shafting. Not only is a defective centre removed, but it is possible to put a mandrel into the hollow, and by applying pressure the walls are operated upon both from the inside and outside. When a solid body is heated the temperature of the interior always varies from that of the outer portion at first, often resulting in the expansion of one or the other which causes defects. Forming bricks upon the hollow principle, and plugging them afterward, is one of advantage. Sawdust is found to be a good filler for the purpose; it is first fireproofed, as is also the paper pulp used in the bricks; then it is mixed with cement and pressed into the hollow of the bricks, smoothed, and well enameled all over.

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THE SWISS "GOOD-NIGHT"

AMONG the lofty mountains and elevated valleys of Switzerland the Alpine horn has another use beside that of sounding the far-famed Ranz des Vaches, or cow song; and this is of a very solemn and impressive nature, says the Father Matthew Herald. When the sun has set in the valley, and the snowy summits of the mountains gleam with golden light, the herdsman who dwells upon the highest habitable spot takes his horn and pronounces clearly and loudly through it, as though a speaking trumpet, "Praise the Lord God!" As soon as the sound is heard by the neighboring herdsmen they issue from their huts, take their Alpine horns, and repeat the same words. This frequently lasts a quarter of an hour, and the call resounds from all the mountains and rocky cliffs around. When silence again reigns the herdsmen kneel and pray with uncovered heads. Meantime it has become quite dark. "Good-night!" at last calls the highest herdsman through his horn. The words resound from all the mountains, and the mountaineers then retire to their dwellings.

The Little Worries of Our Life

FROM A HUMORIST'S POINT OF VIEW

By William L. Alden

VICTOR HUGO asserted that the mouse was a mistake, and the cat was created to correct it. This shows that Hugo had suffered from mice, like all the rest of us. There is but one thing that can be said in defense of the mouse, and that is that it is pretty. The same, however, may be said of the American girl, but it does not excuse her habit of marrying eligible English noblemen, to the detriment of English girls. The whole existence of the mouse is spent in worrying the householder, and, judging the little beast by his success in so doing, he is one of the ablest of all the smaller animals.

The mouse's highest conception of pleasure is to keep people awake at night. He, therefore, begins to gnaw the nearest available bit of wood as soon as the man of the house has gone to bed. Obviously, he does not gnaw because he is hungry, for even a mouse cannot quench hunger with a deal board. He is not trying to work his way out into the room, as some people imagine when they hear him gnawing at the bottom of the closet door, for it is well known that a mouse can pass from the wall into a room through a hole no bigger than a pinhole. Chewing wood is not merely a bad habit into which the mouse has fallen. If it were, the mouse would gnaw in the daytime as well as in the night.

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Nothing can be clearer than that the mouse gnaws wood solely in order to irritate human beings, and keep them from going to sleep. In this he is eminently successful. When once a determined mouse begins to gnaw, no earthly power can stop him. You may throw boots, and water-jugs, and every other available article at the part of the wall where you judge that the mouse is situated, but after a few seconds of silence he will calmly resume his gnawing.

There is but one thing that will induce him to pause in his labors. Place a newspaper on the floor, and the chances are that the mouse will cease to gnaw, and will come out to rattle the newspaper. This, however, will not be to your advantage. Midnight gnawing of wood is, on the whole, easier to bear than midnight rustling of paper, and that is the reason why the mouse consents to abandon the former, and devote himself to the latter form of torture.

Women have a curious terror of mice. The average woman fears an unloaded gun less than she fears a mouse. Now, a woman is not cake; neither, as a general thing, is she breadcrumbs, and there are very few people who will maintain that she is cheese. Since she is none of these things there is not the slightest danger that she will be devoured, or even bitten by mice, and her dread of them is, therefore, a purely irrational and womanly trait.

Her dread of mice, together with man's dislike of being kept awake at night, frequently leads husband and wife to agree to poison their mice. It is a comparatively easy thing to induce a mouse to take a fatal dose of poison, but when he has taken it, and the pains of home-made wedding-cake begin to get hold of him, he revenges himself by dying in the wall, where his last case and the last state of that household is infinitely worse than it was during the mouse's existence.

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It is touching to see the faith that women put in the mendacious advertisements of mouse and rat poison, which, invariably, assert that when the animals have eaten the poison they will come forth from their holes and die in the exact centre of the kitchen floor. No mouse has ever performed this philanthropic feat since the world began; but, still, the advertisers print their flattering tales, and credulous women believe them.

Cats as a remedy for mice are a failure, and Victor Hugo should have known it. So far from driving mice away, the presence of a cat in a household is certain to draw mice. The mice evidently say to themselves: "Those people must have good reason to fear us, for they have engaged a cat. Come! we will go and take up our abode in that house." As for terriers, they are a terrier, so to speak, only to rats, and never on any account degrade themselves to such an extent as to take notice of mice.

The only way to get rid of mice, without turning your walls into a cemetery, is to burn down the house, after having, of course, fully insured it and its contents. Mice will always leave a burning house, and will wait patiently at the nearest neighbor's until a new house on the ruins of the old one is made ready for them. The only way to prevent mice from living in a house is to build it of stone and cement, without a particle of wood in the whole house. Even then an occasional mouse will take up his abode in the man's hat-box or the wife's work-basket.

It is evidently designed that we should always have mice with us, and it is a pity that we do not domesticate them, and compel them to work. Could the energies of mice be properly directed, it might be possible to do all the work of the world with the help of mice. When we consider the amount of force exerted by every mouse that gnaws woodwork for an hour every night, and multiply this force by the total number of mice now in existence, it is obvious to the merest mathematician that we have here a force in comparison with which the force of all the steam-engines, electric machines, water-wheels and windmills in the world is hardly worth mentioning. But there is little hope that we shall ever succeed in utilizing mouse-power. We habitually neglect the great forces which Nature gives us in favor of our own petty inventions.

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The fly is as ubiquitous as the mouse. There are two species of flies—the nose-fly and the hand-fly. I am aware that naturalists do not recognize this classification, but inasmuch as we are not animals ourselves, we have no real concern with professional naturalists. The nose-fly is the insect which persists in lighting on the human nose, and it will repeat this feat from one to two hundred times in the course of an hour. The hand-fly prefers the human hand, and as often as he is brushed away from it he will return and resume his explorations.

Of the two, the nose-fly is decidedly the more aggravating, and there can be but little doubt that this was the species which Moses sent against the Egyptians. When Moses wished to make things particularly unpleasant for the Egyptians, he sent them that particular species of fly.

Perhaps, in the depth of winter, some very superior person might have the effrontery to say that the mere lighting of a fly on the nose should not be classed even among little worries. Let him become the victim of the nose-fly for only one hour on a hot summer day, and he will speedily change his opinion. The lunatic asylum bears witness to the malign power of the nose-fly, for statistics could easily be made to show that one-fifth of all our lunatics have been driven mad by the British nose-fly.

It is in vain that we spread the fly-paper in the sight of the fly. Usually he ignores its existence, but when he does commit involuntary suicide, by sticking himself to the paper, his numbers are so countless that they are not diminished thereby to any appreciable extent. The agility of the fly makes it impossible to hit it with the hand. No matter where he may be basking, whether on your nose or on the cheek of your fair neighbor, the blow which you aim at him will fail to touch him. Fortunes have been lost by young men who have tried to kill flies on the bald heads of rich uncles, and betrothals have been brought to naught by ill-judged efforts to kill flies that had alighted on the exposed surfaces of the young ladies.

The fly of either species is as useless and uncalled for as the minor poet. He never does a particle of good, and he does a great deal of harm. It may or may not be true that flies carry fatal diseases with them, and inoculate helpless and unsuspecting people. If flies would confine themselves to the dissemination of diseases, and would do nothing else, they would be much less of a nuisance than they now are.

Most persons, if given the choice between undergoing, for two or three hours every warm day, the attentions of the nose-fly, and being quickly inoculated with cholera or plague, would probably give the preference to the latter misery. All attempts to thwart or evade the fly are absolutely vain. Even if we were to cover ourselves with a plate of refined steel, thirty-six inches in thickness, there would be at least one fly underneath the armor, and that fly would contrive to do the work of a score of ordinary flies.

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A parrot hung outside a window, within easy conversational reach of a sensitive man, can drive the latter to madness in a shorter time than any other known invention of the Evil One. The great increase of insanity in France, during the last twenty years, is due to the rapidly growing disposition of the more brutal class of Anarchists to keep parrots. Not only are the remarks of these parrots exasperating, but the fondness of the parrot for imitating the most excruciating sounds, and for singing the most trying comic songs, make the filing of a saw a soothing musical delight in comparison.

Then, too, the parrot's taste in feathers is extremely annoying to any man with a sense of color. The bird is in all his instincts and habits the 'Arry of the feathered world, and his existence is a perpetual Bank Holiday. Nothing can silence him when he begins to express his desire for a cracker, and to address the neighborhood on subjects that he considers to be important. Between the ordinary harangues of a parrot and the speeches of a barrel-top politician on the decadence and general infamy of his superiors, there is little to choose, and that little is in favor of the politician.

The owner of a parrot, being a person filled with hatred of his fellow-men, can never be induced to kill his parrot, no matter how warmly it may be represented to him that the parrot is making life a prolonged torture to those that live within hearing of the bird. Why the parrot does not deafen and madden its owner is a mystery; still, it is, perhaps, no more mysterious than is the prolonged ability of the organ-grinder to listen to the strains of his own engine.

Owing to this impossibility of influencing the owner of a parrot to suppress it, the sufferer is thrown upon his own resources. These are not many. I cannot kill a parrot belonging to my neighbor without bringing myself into difficulties with the stupid laws of my country. Neither can I hire a boy to steal it without incurring the condemnation of every narrow-minded person in the community.

The only way in which to rid one's self of a parrot is to induce the bird to make itself so obnoxious to the entire neighborhood that a general insurrection will take place. This can best be done by surreptitiously teaching the parrot to insult every decent person within hearing of his voice.

This course was tried with excellent effect by a man living in Sydney. The offending parrot lived in a terrace, and his cage was hung on the rear wall of the house, within reach of an ingenious man, who resolved to try the effect of strategy before resorting to violence. In the mornings, when the owner of the parrot was not at home, the man fed the parrot with fruit that appealed irresistibly to the bird's taste, and, at the same time, taught it to say things of peculiar malignity.

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For example, the tenant of the house, immediately in the rear of the parrot, having notoriously quarreled with his wife, the parrot was taught to greet his appearance in his yard with the remark: "Any hair left now?"

Judge Skinner, who, it was said, had been compelled to emigrate from Arizona in consequence of his curious inability to distinguish between his own horse and the horses of his neighbors, was uniformly greeted by the parrot with the question: "How are you off for tar and feathers?" and Deacon Smedley, who was generally suspected of having killed his partner in a faro bank which the deacon had at one time kept in Leadville, could not open his window or venture into his garden without hearing the parrot's indecent inquiry: "Where's the Deacon's pardner?"

This sort of thing went on for about three weeks—the bird entering into the game with a zest that proved how thoroughly he understood the meaning of what he was saying. At the end of that time the neighbors arose, and, after strangling the parrot, hung its owner to the elm tree in front of his house. The complete success of this instance of strategic dealing with parrots ought to make the plan a popular one in all communities.

Even in England, where the law is strong enough to prevent the wreaking of summary justice on the owners of parrots, a parrot who should be taught to make personal remarks, concerning all persons living within sound of his voice, would certainly be held by the courts to be an inexcusable nuisance, and would quickly be legally suppressed.

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Of all existing varieties of insects or animals, the human boy is the most potent source of worry to ordinary men. Women seem to find the boy much more tolerable than men find him, but the reason, doubtless, is that the boy contains the promise and potency of a man, and women have a hopeful way of looking forward rather than backward.

A boy will make more different kinds of objectionable noises in the course of a day than could be made by two boiler factories, seven hand organs and a street singer. He can take the simplest, and apparently the most harmless object, and extract from it a miraculous volume of noise. We all know what the boy can do with an empty tin and a string. Nobody but a boy would ever have dreamed that a string could elicit, from a disused tin, wails that would strike terror to the average fiend.

Up to the age of fourteen the boy can whistle with an ear-piercing shrillness that rivals the best efforts of the locomotive whistle. No man and no boy of more than fourteen years of age can whistle in this way. The moment the boy ceases to be a boy, and begins to put on humanity, he loses the ability to whistle in any other than a commonplace way. This is, however, only one of the many illustrations of the fact that there is a peculiar and fiendish skill in noise-producing which belongs exclusively to the small boy.

No boy ever had the slightest love for music, but every boy revels in any sort of instrument that will make a noise. Give him a tin trumpet, and he will stand and blow single notes on it for hours at a time. The drum is, perhaps, his favorite instrument, but he can do great things with a mere mouth-organ, and can devastate an entire street with a pair of bones.

Little girls are born with a desire to make themselves attractive and pleasant, but the boy takes a never-failing delight in making himself disagreeable. He loves to put himself in the path of the cyclist, not, of course, with the design of permitting the cyclist to run into him, but with the malignant purpose of deluding the cyclist into thinking that he is about to kill a boy, and then snatching that comfort from him.

If you are driving with a family of which a little girl forms a part, her presence in the carriage will rarely inconvenience you. But in a similar situation a boy will apparently develop as many legs as a heathen idol has arms, and will proceed to kick you simultaneously and constantly with all his legs. In point of fact, it may be boldly said there is no situation in which a boy is tolerable.

From his earliest years he continues to grow more and more objectionable, until suddenly, like a dissolving view, he is merged into the shy hobbledehoy, who, it is true, is not restful to the æsthetic eye, but who no longer lives to make the lives of other people unendurable.

While he remains a boy there is no such thing as peace to be had anywhere in his neighborhood. His shrill voice constantly sets your nerves on edge, and the long and forced suppression of the desire to kill him weakens both body and mind.

Life is filled with great and little worries beyond number, but the worst of them all is the average small boy.—Pearson's Magazine.

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North Polar Cold Exceeded

A PROPOSED TRIP TO THE SOUTH POLE

IT IS possible that the world may be startled, before long, by the news of the discovery of the North Pole by the intrepid Herr Andrée, says a writer in the Westminster Budget. But we may fairly ask how it is that when this last chapter in the exploration of the Northern regions is being written, only the preface has yet been inscribed to the unfolding of the secrets of the frozen South.

If we look at the South Polar chart, there we find that little more than the fringe of the ice-bound Continent, that stretches away into unknown distance toward the Pole, has been named by the explorer. Victoria Land, as Sir James Clarke Ross named the Polar Continent which he sighted, had never been trodden by human foot before a Norwegian explorer landed, for a few hours, on its shore two years ago. Mr. Borchgrevink, who can claim this distinction, is at present in London making preparations for an expedition to the frozen South, which may well have as important and far-reaching results as any of the discoveries that have been made in the Northern Polar regions. He has found a generous friend and supporter in Sir George Newnes, who has provided the new Antarctic expedition with all that is necessary.

What is Mr. Borchgrevink's claim to undertake this most difficult task? And what result does he hope to bring back in return for the outlay and the immense labors of the undertaking? Let Mr. Borchgrevink tell his own story as he told it to me the other day. It is one of great interest, especially the tale of his first voyage to Victoria Land. He says:

"It was my ambition to be an Arctic explorer from my early years, and I have, as a boy, penetrated the forests of Norway to harden myself for future work. But circumstances led me to emigrate south to Australia, and there my thoughts turned from the North to the South Pole regions. To organize an expedition to Antarctica was impossible; my only means for exploration was to take a place before the mast in a whaling ship. This I did, working as an ordinary seaman, but my object was purely scientific.

"All went well till we reached Emerald Isle, in latitude 58°. There the propeller of the little steamer broke down, and we had to put back to Port Chalmers in New Zealand. Once more the vessel started for the shoals for whales. The whaler took the same course as Sir James Clarke Ross, in his famous expedition of 1841, but I was the first to step on the shore of Victoria Land. It was one of the proudest moments in my life. A feeling of fascination and awe crept over us on landing on that unknown shore. It was a strange thought that we were the first human beings to set foot on the mysterious, and absolutely unexplored, mainland that lies around the South Pole.

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"The scenery reminded me of Norway; immense precipitous cliffs with deep fjords. Where I landed, the rocks were in parts covered with lichen, and they were free of snow and ice on the coast line, but their summits, often twelve thousand feet high, were covered with glacier and snow, immense peaks shining and glittering in the sun by noon and midnight. My idea is that a comparatively warm current is to be found in the bay to the southwest of Victoria Land. I cannot, otherwise, account for the comparative freedom of the water from ice, the lichen on the rocks, and the seaweed on the beach. We were altogether five months on the voyage, starting in September, 1894, and coming home in March of the following year."

On the occasion of his first voyage Mr. Borchgrevink had no opportunity of penetrating into the ice-bound Continent, which he believes to be bigger than twice the size

of Europe. But the observations that he made give him fresh hope for the success of an expedition for the exploration of the Polar regions and the discovery of the South magnetic Pole. Mr. Borchgrevink believes that it will be quite possible to set up a camp on Cape Adare, the spot where he landed, about two thousand five hundred miles from New Zealand.

He proposes to make that his headquarters in his next expedition, striking from there inland across the glaciers of the Continent. The main object will be to localize the exact position of the magnetic Pole, and this discovery will, he declares, have most important scientific results, especially as magnetic observations within the Antartic Circle form a missing link in our knowledge about terrestrial magnetism. He has no idea of trying to make for the South Pole, itself, this time. His expedition will be one for observation and exploration, and, besides the scientific results, he is convinced that the commercial possibilities of the coast are worthy of investigation.

The new South Pole expedition will start from London in July, 1898. Mr. Borchgrevink has bought an ice-vessel, fitted with auxiliary screw. The expedition vessel, the Southern Cross, which is designed by the Scotchman, Mr. Colin Archer, who built the Fram, is 480 tons; she is being fitted with a triple expansion engine, to drive her forward with nine knots. She is bark-rigged.

Her length is one hundred and forty-six and five-tenths feet, thirty and seven-tenths feet broad, seventeen and six-tenths feet deep. Her bows are nine feet through, of solid oak; her sides are thirty-six inches of solid wood. The whole of the vessel is covered with a thick ice-hide of greenheart.

Besides the Fram, there is not a stronger wooden vessel afloat. The vessel has a "well"—that is to say, she has an opening through which the propellers can be hoisted on deck and again coupled to the propeller shaft without docking. This is, of course, of the utmost importance for ice navigation. The crew will consist of twenty-four men, all of them experienced in ice navigation. With him will, also, go a staff of five scientific experts, to make special observations.

Mr. Borchgrevink and his scientific friends will be landed at Cape Adare, where they will pitch their camp in December, 1898, to stay through summer and winter, while the vessel and its crew will go on a special mission, returning to fetch them away the succeeding spring. Their provisions will be of much the same kind as Nansen took, and they look to the seal, penguin and fish to afford an auxiliary to the tinned meats.

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Their huts will be of the Esquiman type, and their sledges of the Norwegian pattern. Seventy Siberian dogs will drag the sledges on their expeditions. "The cold," said Mr. Borchgrevink, "is comparatively worse than that of the North Polar regions. But I am quite inured to cold myself; I mind it no more than heat." And, indeed, Mr. Borchgrevink looks hardy enough. His features are of the Norse type—blue eyes, light hair, and a strong mouth, and he has the same characteristic determination to overcome all obstacles which was so remarkable in Nansen. His expedition will be watched with great interest from Australia, for the exploration of the great Continent that lies to the south may prove of National importance to the Australians, scientifically and commercially. The Premiers have long been interested in Mr. Borchgrevink's plans, and no doubt the Australians will appreciate Sir George Newnes' spirit of enterprise.

By giving Mr. Borchgrevink the means of carrying out his scheme, Sir George Newnes has realized an idea the importance of which all the world has recognized for more than fifty-five years. In fact, the resolution was unanimously carried at the International Congress, in 1895, after Mr. Borchgrevink's speech in the Imperial Institute, that the further exploration of the South Victoria Continent is the greatest geographical work yet to be undertaken in our century.

Mr. Borchgrevink, who is thirty-three years of age, is half a Briton, his mother being an English lady, and he is, also, married to an English lady. He went to sea when he was fourteen years of age. Later on he studied in Norway and Saxony. In 1888 he emigrated to Australia, where he roughed it as a surveyor for several years. Later he was appointed teacher in Natural Science, at Coverwull College, Sydney University. He is an accomplished ski-runner (snowshoe runner), a quality which is essential for a successful journey into the regions of South Victoria Land.

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Herbert Spencer's Views of Copyright.—Herbert Spencer, in a letter to the London Times, makes the following avowal: "During the first twelve years of my literary life every one of my books failed to pay for its paper, print and advertisements, and for many years afterward failed to pay my small living expenses; every one of them made me the poorer. Nevertheless, the forty millions of people constituting the nation demanded of the impoverished brain-worker five gratis copies of each. There is only one simile occurring to me which at all represents the fact, and that expresses it in but a feeble way—Dives asking alms of Lazarus!"

Life Aboard a Torpedo Boat

WHERE THERE IS NOT AN INCH OF WASTE SPACE

THE life at sea on a schooner may be trying, it may be cold, and cheerless, and limited, but to thoroughly grasp the full significance of being cribbed and confined, one should serve on board a torpedo boat, says the Chicago Record.

A torpedo boat is a long, low, narrow vessel, in the designing of which the one element of speed has been made to dominate all other features. Therefore, every qualification that makes for this end is given the highest development to the almost total suppression of every other warlike and seagoing essential. Thus we find, for instance, that a boat of one hundred tons displacement, similar to the three boats Spain sent to the Cape Verde Islands, is usually from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty feet long, stows twenty-five tons of coal, carries four torpedoes (two for each tube), and has a complement of about twenty men.

In dividing such a craft up internally, usually the sharp knife-edge bow is shut off six or eight feet abaft the stem from the remainder of the boat by the collision bulkhead. This division is made, first, because nothing could be stowed away in so narrow a place so far forward, and second, to insure the safety of the boat in case her bow gets stove. To stave in the bow of a torpedo boat is really quite easy, for the boat in all her parts is made as light as possible. The plating is of the thinnest steel, the frames are of light weight, the longitudinals are mere strips of metal. So thin and frail is the construction of the boat that if she bumps or runs into anything she will be bent out of shape, and should her bow strike any hard object—like a floating spar or the spile of a dock—it would be turned back on itself and twisted completely out of all shape.

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Next abaft the collision bulkhead comes the torpedo room, where the torpedoes are manipulated either to be fired out of the bow tube or hoisted up to the deck tube, according to which way the boat may be fitted. Next come the men's quarters—a small compartment, where the eighteen or twenty sailors are packed in like sardines. Then come the boilers and engines. The former are of the tubular type, in which water circulates through an almost infinite number of tubes. Steam can be quickly raised and easily kept up, but men, in order to keep these fiery maws aglow with all the fuel they can eat, must be able to stand a very intense heat.

The engines of the torpedo boat are the lightest, most carefully adjusted, and the most perfect and delicate specimens of mechanism afloat. As a consequence they must be handled with consummate skill. Usually there are two sets of engines, occupying the entire waist of the ship and a part of the after-body. Every part is as compact as possible; there is not an inch of waste space—pipes, cylinders, pumps, levers and other parts of the apparatus are here presented to the view of the uninitiated in seemingly endless confusion.

Indeed, it is hard work for an expert to know at first where to find the valve he must shut, or the cock he must open, or the wheel he must turn. And the heat thrown out by the whirling cranks, the leaking steam, the hot sides and the lively pistons is as great and overpowering as the heat in the boiler-room.

Yet here, as there, the machinist and his assistants stand to their work almost stripped, rivulets of sweat rolling down their faces and off their bodies, with never a thought of the danger surrounding them, for let any part of that swiftly moving, delicate machinery break—and often it does break—or let our fireman miss his footing—which unfortunately sometimes happens—and the chances are a hundred to one that he will never touch a lever or fire a furnace again.

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Abaft the engine-room is usually a small compartment where the engineer and petty officers sleep. Four bunks is about all there is to it. Abaft it is another quite like it. This is the wardroom, cabin, messroom and stateroom for the three officers usually attached to a torpedo boat. Not infrequently the distance from the deck to the top of the room is so low that men under six feet have to be selected for duty on board. On some of our boats a tall man can only stand erect when in his quarters by letting his head go up through the wardroom hatch.

An imaginative reader might, perhaps, be able to see in his mind's eye what discomforts attend life on board a torpedo craft when she is quiet, but it is doubted whether he can fancy how much more these restricted surroundings are aggravated when the torpedo boat goes tearing through the water at a rate of twenty-five knots. Everything then is set to vibrating and trembling as though a great earthquake had the boat and her crew at its mercy.

Some years ago the French Navy despatched a flotilla of torpedo boats from Brest to Toulon—a hazardous voyage it was known to be—so the officers and men selected were the ablest and most experienced in the French Navy—men who had never known a qualm of seasickness or ever suffered in any way from the discomfort of a seafaring life under the most trying circumstances. The men were four or five days in the torpedo boats making the run from Brest to Toulon. Coming down the Bay of Biscay the boats were caught in a gale of wind that lasted more or less throughout the voyage.

Never was a more uncomfortable experience than fell to the lot of the crews of these torpedo boats. The tossing of the boats precluded the possibility of sleep or of any sort of rest, food could not be cooked, the air below was too foul to be lived in, and all hands, even the most hardened veteran sailor, were made very seasick. Upon arrival in port the boats were unfit to fight, simply because of the complete exhaustion of the men and officers. This state of affairs was thus commented on in the Annual of the Office of Naval Intelligence:

The most important lesson of the manœuvres, and one that has caused a deep impression, is the fact that the torpedo boats were unable to follow the battle-ships at a speed greater than twelve knots, even in moderate weather. Their small storage of coal and water, and the excessive fatigue imposed on officers and men, when sleep and rest are out of the question, and the impossibility often of cooking, make it necessary to resupply them and to change their crews every three or four days.

The torpedo boat, then, does not of right belong to the sea fleet. She is first and last a coast-defense vessel, whose function is to attack a hostile squadron with that most destructive of weapons, the torpedo.

Let us now return to the boat itself and say something about what she is good for as a vessel for war purposes, rather than how disagreeable a home she makes. The rapid development of the torpedo boat is almost phenomenal, more especially since it has been progressing for only twenty years. To Messrs. Yarrow and Thornycroft, of England, is mainly due this advancement.

The qualifications sought in the torpedo boat, as exemplified in the boats of our flotilla, are: speed, including durability of engines and boilers; handiness in manœuvring; coal endurance; seaworthiness; size, which includes habitability and suitability; armament, including torpedoes and guns, and vulnerability.

The greatest advantage of speed is that it permits the boat to pass over in the shortest time, and therefore with the greatest safety, the space between the point where she first comes within effective range of the rapid-firing guns of the attacked vessel and the point where she can deliver her blow, and, also, because she can retire beyond this dangerous space in the shortest time.

However, the value of torpedo boats in war time will be felt in two distinct ways—actively and potentially; actively in damage done to men-of-war and merchant vessels; potentially by their reputation and menace, governing and checking dispositions and plans, and exercising an unending nightly strain on the officers and men of the opposing fleet. The ordinary range of torpedo-boat work is limited to the distance that can be steamed during the hours of darkness to and from protected limits.

The effective distance for extraordinary work depends on the nature of the base. From a shore base, for an attack on a harbor, the distance is the full speed of the boat during the hours of darkness to the harbor. With a protecting cruiser as escort, the distance is the coal-endurance at the desired speed. For a blockade, the time of blockade is the coal capacity at economical speed, less twice the coal consumption to and from the base.

In conclusion, the method of attack by a torpedo boat should be considered. There are two ways; one is to steam up to about six hundred yards, slow on, stop, fire, and then back straight out. The other is to steam up, turn around, firing from the deck tubes while turning, and steam back at fullest speed. By the first plan the boat is under fire longer, for her backing speed is considerably less than her going-ahead speed. The advantage is that the least surface of the boat is offered as a target to the enemy.

In the second case, the objection is that, while turning, the entire side of the boat is at the mercy of the enemy's guns, and the boat's stern, with steering-gear, etc., is exposed to damage while running away. The advantage in this last method rests in the opportunity of firing the after torpedo tubes and in the shorter time the boat is under fire in the danger space.

These points, of such vital importance, have never been practically tested, and until they have been settled the positive value of the torpedo boat and her weapon, the torpedo, must rest on theoretical conclusions.

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